

Isabelle Minnie Ruth Ambage

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DON'T TELL THE WORLD THAT YOU'RE WAITING FOR ME.

(FOR MUSIC.)

THREE summers have gone since the first time
we met, love,
And still 't is in vain that I ask thee to wed;
I hear no reply but a gentle "Not yet, love,"
With a smile of your lip and a shake of your
head.
Ah! how oft have I whispered, how oft have I
sued thee,
And breathed my heart's question of "When
shall it be?"
You know, dear, how long and how truly I've
wooed thee,
So don't tell the world that you're waiting for
me.

I have fashioned a home where the fairies might
dwell, love,
I've planted the myrtle, the rose, and the
vine;
But the cottage to me is a mere hermit's cell,
love,
And the bloom will be dull till the flowers are
thine.
I've a ring of bright gold, which I gaze on when
lonely,
And sigh with Hope's eloquence, "When will
it be?"
There needs but thy "Yes," love—one little
word only,
So, don't tell the world that you're waiting
for me.

ELIZA COOK.

CCCCXCVI. LIVING AGE. VOL. III. 29

From the Congregationalist.

LINES WRITTEN ON LEAVING THE TEM- PLES AND TOMBS OF THEBES.

BY PROFESSOR UPHAM.

THE oar is dipping in the waves
That bear me on their watery wings.
Farewell to Egypt's land of graves!
Farewell, the monuments of kings!
They died;—and changed the living throne
For chambers of the mountain stone.

I trod the vast sepulchral halls
Designed their lifeless dust to keep,
And read upon the chiseled walls
The emblems of their final sleep;
And learned, that when they bowed to die,
They hoped for immortality.

Dark was the way. They knew not how
That other life would come again,
To rend the flinty mountain's brow,
That overlooks the Theban plain;
But if aright their hearts they read,
The rocks at last would yield their dead.

O yes! The instincts of the heart,
In every land, in every clime,
The great, ennobling truth impart,
That life has empire over time.
Death for eternal life makes room,
And heaven is born upon the tomb.

They saw the end, but not the way,
The life to come, but not the power;
And felt, when called in dust to lay,
The doubt and anguish of the hour.
O Christ! By Thee the word is spoken;
The power is given; the tomb is broken.

From the Knickerbocker.

TO A CLUSTER OF AUTUMN FLOWERS.

BY J. CLEMENT.

LONG children of the sylvan shade,
Born with the frost of autumn chill,
Your virgin blossoms soon must fade,
Your dirge be sung by yon sad rill.

Unseen by human eye ye came ;
Ye flourish to the world unknown,
And, perishing, shall leave no name,
No blessing which the world will own.

Yet, though unprized, unknown your worth,
And passing brief your hermit reign,
To Wisdom's hand you owe your birth,
Which never fashions aught in vain.

The fragrance which you send abroad,
Like incense sweet of secret prayer,
Is scattered by an unseen God,
And blessings o'er the earth will bear.

THE LITTLE SLEEPER.

BY J. CLEMENT.

FEW the days the fair one numbered,
Ere were closed his lustrous eyes ;
And he calmly, sweetly slumbered,
Like a cherub from the skies.

From the body, frail and sickly,
In the solemn hush of night,
Stole the spirit, soft and quickly,
Back to native realms of light.

Still the sweet one, none could waken,
Dreamed and smiled when night had fled,
Knowing not the soul had taken
Wings, and up to glory sped.

Folded on his heaveless bosom,
Slight his ivory hands were pressed ;
And thus slept the heavenly blossom,
Truant from the Land of Rest.

SONNET.

THE sunshine flashing on the tumbling rill —
White stalks of blue-bells lush upon the meads —
Winds whistling clearly through the rustling
reeds,

And wildly whirling leaves along the hill —
These were enough for thee and me, dear friend ;
For the great breath in which our words were
drowned,

And the grand solitude that slept around,
Gave more than consecrated walls could lend.
But well to see how through this land of ours
The hamlets cluster round the gray church-
towers !

O, well to see man's need ; — how hearts are
made
To rise to God, and knees are made to fall. —
Even London, almost hid from Heaven with
trade,

How the gold cross stands calm above it all !

W. M. ANDERSON.

From the Evening Post.

THE FISHER BOY.

A STATUE BY HIRAM POWERS.

MOULDED in pure and perfect grace,
His white feet poised on the silent sands,
And boyhood's spirit on his face,
A shape of life's best hour he stands.

His net droops on his idle oar,
He listens, as to whispers dear —
What hears he on the mighty shore,
Pressing the sea-shell to his ear ?

Is it the soft-toned rapture caught
From rosy lips of Naiades,
That brims, with pictured joy, his thought
Of the rare beauty of the seas ?

Is it some loved, unuttered name,
Stolen by the waves from lands remote,
Or echo of forgotten fame,
Kept in the shell's vermilion throat ?

Or some strange syllables he seeks,
Of ancient ocean's mystic lore —
The solemn measures that she speaks
With charmed tongues forevermore ?

Still listening in that keen suspense,
What curious fancies come and go ;
What pleasant wishes thrill his sense
For what he ne'er, ah ne'er shall know !

O, Artist ! in whose deathless thought
This radiant being lived and grew,
More glorious meaning hast thou wrought
Than thy divine conception knew !

For 't is the type of Youth's rich trance,
Besides the wide World's unknown sea,
Weaving the sweet tones of romance
Into the promised bliss to be :

Of Youth, that on life's golden brim
Hears many a sweet, mysterious strain,
And by seas splendid visions swim,
It ne'er shall meet to love again :

Youth, yet all freshness — frail and fair —
Whose tender trusts and loving will,
Ere chilled by scorn, or scarred by care,
All time with speechless glory fill.

H. N. POWERS.

GOOD THOUGHTS.

BY J. T. OUSELEY.

Good thoughts are flowers of earth that bloom in
heaven ;

The winged messengers — from man to God ;
The bread of life without the mortal leaven,
The fragrant path that angel feet have trod ;
Blest spirits, ever watching from above,
Who tend the mind with spotless wings out-
spread ;

Guarding from evil — with undying love ;
Inspiring faith — when earthly hope has fled ;
The loving tears of angels — o'er the dying shed.

From the Edinburgh Review.

1. *The Divine Rule of Faith and Practice.*
By W. GOODE, M. A. 2d edition.
London: 1853.
2. *Discourses on the Controversies of the Day.*
By W. F. HOOK, D. D. London: 1853.
3. *Means of Unity.* A Charge by Archdeacon
HARE. London: 1847.

THE three writers whose works are named above, may be taken as representatives of the three great parties which divide the Church of England. These parties have always existed, under different phases, and with more or less of life. But they have been brought into sharper contrast, and have learned better to understand themselves and one another, during the controversies which have agitated the last twenty years. They are commonly called the Low Church, the High Church, and the Broad Church parties; but such an enumeration is the result of an incomplete analysis. On a closer inspection, it is seen that each of these is again triply subdivided into sections which exemplify respectively the exaggeration, the stagnation, and the normal development of the principles which they severally claim to represent. And these subdivisions, though popularly confounded with each other, differ amongst themselves, as much as the delirium of fever or the torpor of old age differs from the calm circulation of health.

It would be an interesting task to trace these parties historically, from the Reformation downwards; to show how far they may be regarded as continuous branches, how far as modern revivals, how far as new modifications of ancient schools of opinion. But this would require researches far too extensive for our limits. We only propose at present to examine the divisions of the existing Church of England, and to study their forms and boundaries, not as they would be colored in a chronological chart, but as they would be laid down in an actual survey.

Of the parties named above, the most influential in recent times has been that which is termed Low Church by its adversaries, and Evangelical by its adherents. It originated in the revival of religious life, which marked the close of the last and the beginning of the present century — the reaction against a long period of frozen lifelessness. The thermometer of the Church of England sank to its lowest point in the first thirty years of the reign of George III. Butler and Berkeley were dead, and had left no successors. The last of that generation of clergymen which had founded the Societies for "the Diffusion of Christian Knowledge," and the "Propagation of the Gospel," were now in their graves. Unbelieving bishops and a slothful clergy had succeeded in driving from the Church the faith

and zeal of Methodism which Wesley had organized within her pale. The spirit was expelled, and the dregs remained. That was the age when jobbery and corruption, long supreme in the State, had triumphed over the virtue of the Church; when the money-changers not only entered the temple, but drove out the worshippers; when ecclesiastical revenues were monopolized by wealthy pluralists; when the name of curate lost its legal meaning, and, instead of denoting the incumbent of a benefice, came to signify the deputy of an absentee; when church services were discontinued; when university exercises were turned into a farce; when the holders of ancient endowments vied with one another in evading the intentions of their founders; when everywhere the lowest ends were most openly avowed, and the lowest means adopted for effecting them. In their preaching, nineteen clergymen out of twenty carefully abstained from dwelling upon Christian doctrines. Such topics exposed the preacher to the charge of fanaticism. Even the calm and sober Crabbe, who certainly never erred from excess of zeal, was stigmatized in those days by his brethren as a "Methodist," because he introduced into his sermons the motives of future reward and punishment. An orthodox clergyman (they said) should be content to show his people the worldly advantage of good conduct, and to leave heaven and hell to the ranters. Nor can we wonder that such should have been the notions of country parsons, when, even by those who passed for the supreme arbiters of orthodoxy and taste, the vapid rhetoric of Blair was thought the highest standard of Christian exhortation.

At last, this age of stagnation was ended by that great convulsion which startled Europe from its slumber. The triumph of Atheism in France restored Christianity to England. Faith revived in the tempest; the solemn time woke solemn thoughts; and forgotten truths were preached to eager hearers, by an ever increasing band of zealous men, whose one desire was to rekindle in the hearts of others that belief which filled their own, in the fundamental doctrines of the Gospel. These doctrines had hitherto been rather tacitly ignored than openly contradicted. The Articles were subscribed by those who disbelieved* them, as "Articles of Peace," to use the fashionable euphemism; but by most they were neither believed nor disbelieved. The mass of the clergy troubled not their souls with theological difficulties, but hunted and tipped peacefully with the squirearchy. And now, when such doctrines as Human Corruption and the Di-

* Paley, in his defence of the *Feathers' Tavern* petitioners, in 1772, states it as an admitted fact that the only persons who then believed the Articles were the Methodists, who were refused ordination by the Bishops.

vine Atonement were prominently brought forward, they were received by the majority with a storm of opposition. The aspect of the struggle which ensued is most anomalous. Truths embodied in every formulary of the Church, enforced in her homilies, and stereotyped in her liturgy, were assailed as heretical novelties by her ministers. Yet they were compelled, Sunday after Sunday, to affirm in their reading-desk what they contradicted in their pulpit. Though they denied human corruption in the sermon, they were forced in the prayers to acknowledge that all mankind were "tied and bound by the chain of their sins;" though they denounced as fanatical all mention of the Atonement, they were compelled to speak of it themselves, not in their own words, but in the words of the Universal Church, with the deepest pathos and the most enthusiastic love. Such inconsistency was too glaring not to be felt, even by the dullest; and it gave an overwhelming superiority in argument to the assailing party. Thus their triumph was more rapid and complete than is usual in theological controversies. In less than twenty years the original battle-field was won, and the enemy may be said to have surrendered at discretion. Thenceforward, scarcely a clergyman was to be found in England who preached against the doctrine of the creeds. The faith of the Church was restored to the level of her formularies. But, meanwhile, the combatants who had won the victory were no longer united under a single standard; or rather the banner of the cross, under which they fought, was seen to wave over the encampments of three separate armies. And each of these was more or less recruited, and its character more or less altered, by the enrolment among its troops of a portion of the conquered enemy.

From this period the Evangelical party began to assume the form which it still retains. At first it had comprehended many different shades of theological opinion. All religious men had been classed together by their opponents as enthusiasts, fanatics, and Methodists, and had agreed to forget their minor differences in their essential agreement. But when the great truths of Christianity were no longer denied within the Church, the maintenance of them ceased to be a distinctive badge of fellowship; and other secondary doctrines assumed greater importance, as forming the specific creed of the majority of those who had hitherto been contented with a more catholic bond of union. Of the tenets which then became, and have still continued, the watch-words of the Evangelical camp, the most conspicuous were the two following; first, "*the universal necessity of conversion*," and, secondly, "*justification by faith*." A third was added, to which subsequent controversy gave more than its original prominence, namely,

"*the sole authority of Scripture as the rule of faith*."

Each of these doctrines may be held and taught in two ways; either as a living principle of action, or as the corner-stone of a technical system. Thus, "*the necessity of conversion*," in the mouths of some who preach it, means that the selfishness of man's earthly nature must be superseded by the strength of a diviner life, before his actions can possess any spiritual worth; in the mouths of others, it means that every individual must experience, on a particular day and hour, certain prescribed sensations, in a defined order. Again, "*justification by faith*" may be an expression of the truth, that peace and holiness must be derived from conscious union with a present Saviour, and can never flow from a routine of outward observances; or, on the other hand, it may be turned into the scholastic expression of a distinction without a difference. So "*the sole authority of Scripture*" may symbolize the sacred duty of private judgment, involving the necessity of personal religion; or it may be the mere negation of ecclesiastical authority. Moreover, besides this difference in the mode of apprehending and enforcing these doctrines, there is a further difference in the results deducible from them. If either be taken as the basis of a system of speculation, it may be made, by an apparently logical train of argument, to evolve extravagant consequences. And these consequences will be embraced by a certain order of minds, whose creed will be the "exaggeration" of Evangelicalism to which we shall presently return.

The old Evangelical party, the party of Milner, Martyn, and Wilberforce, has for the most part taught its characteristic tenets in their practical and positive, not in their controversial and negative, aspect. Accordingly, it has been singularly fruitful in good, both public and private, among rich and poor, to England and to the world. Those great acts of national morality, which will give an abiding glory to the present century, were all either originated or carried by this party in the Church. Its representatives in Parliament, Wilberforce, Stephen, Thornton, Buxton, and their coadjutors, successively led the van of philanthropic progress, and raised the tone of the public conscience. To them is due the suppression of the slave trade in the last generation, to them the abolition of slavery in the present. The reform of prison discipline was effected by their efforts, the criminal law was robbed of its bloodthirsty severity by their aid.* To their benevolent agitation it is owing that Hindoo widows are no longer burnt alive, and that the natives

* Without the aid of the Evangelical party, and their out-of-doors agitation, the efforts of Romilly and Mackintosh might have remained fruitless.

of the most distant and barbarous colonies know that they will not appeal in vain to English sympathy against English oppression. In more recent times the population of our factories and our mines may thank the exertions of another Evangelical champion for the investigation into their sufferings, and the improvement in their condition. Even the outcasts of society, neglected and despaired of by others, have been won to civilization by the untiring benevolence of the same party, and the same leader, the establishers, though not the inventors, of "Ragged Schools." Others have declaimed more copiously on the diseases of the body politic, and the regeneration of society. But while such men have only talked, these single-minded Christians have worked; doing what they could, and the best they knew, to stop visible and pressing evils; while their depreciators content themselves with idly proclaiming that faith is dead, and worship obsolete.

But while they have devoted themselves thus zealously to philanthropic objects, the members of this party have not neglected to labor for ends more exclusively religious. Convinced of our national responsibility to the heathen populations with which our commerce brought us into contact, they inaugurated the present century with the foundation of the "Church Missionary Society." That Society now maintains about 2000 ministers and teachers, of whom 200 are ordained, and has established more than 100 stations, scattered over the world. Centres of religious truth and of civilization are thus fixed in the midst of heathendom, which cannot fail to produce results far greater than anything which they have hitherto effected. Yet the visible fruits already garnered would well repay the labor. For, not to mention the converted towns on the coast of Africa, whole districts of Southern India have embraced the faith; and the native population of New Zealand (spread over a territory as large as England) has been reclaimed from cannibalism, and added to the Church. About the same time, the same party were chiefly instrumental in establishing the "Bible Society," which, in the course of the last half century, translated the Scriptures into 148 languages, and circulated forty-three millions of copies. Besides this it has so greatly reduced the price of the English Bible, as to bring it within the reach of the poorest laborer. Nor is it to be reckoned the least merit of this body, that it has promoted Christian charity by forming a bond of union between all sects of Protestants.*

* We wish that we were not obliged to confess that this last merit of the Bible Society is too often cancelled by the uncharitable abuse of Roman Catholics, which sometimes forms a main topic at its meetings.

The conspicuous position occupied by these societies, and their striking results, have eclipsed in the public view the more domestic efforts of their supporters; and the Tow Church party has been accused of neglecting nearer duties, for the more exciting pursuit of evangelizing the antipodes. Yet the charge is obviously unfounded; for the very men who were most energetic in their endeavors to christianize the world, were also the authors of every scheme devised in the present century for christianizing England. They were the first to call attention to the fact that our population had outgrown the religious machinery provided by the existing parochial system of the Church. They endeavored from the beginning, so far as the defective state of the law allowed them, to supply this growing population with the means of worship. The first Diocesan Church-Building Society was founded by Archbishop Sumner, soon after he became Bishop of Chester;* and during his episcopate in that diocese, he consecrated more than 200 new churches. At a still earlier period, Mr. Simeon of Cambridge had spent his whole private fortune in an effort to meet the same evil by a different method. He saw that, in many of our great towns, myriads were under the pastoral charge of a single clergyman. In such a position he knew that the slothful found ample excuse for doing nothing; but he knew also that the zealous might do much; and that the very sight of a clergyman devoting himself to his work under such difficulties would win coöperation. Acting on this view he purchased the advowsons of many such livings, and vested them in trustees. The inhabitants of Bath, Clifton, Bradford, and many other places similarly situated, have been thus supplied with a body of laborious ministers; and their improved condition attests the wisdom of the plan.

With the same end in view, the same party founded the "Pastoral Aid Society," in 1836. It now supports more than 300 additional clergymen (besides above 100 lay assistants), ministering to a population of nearly three million souls. Again, at a still later period, they have attempted to reach those godless multitudes who, though within "the sound of the church-going bell," are far beyond the sphere of its attraction. With this purpose they have instituted a new ecclesiastical order, under the name of "Scripture Readers," drawn from the same class of society as those to whom they are sent. These lay Evangelists are often able to penetrate where a clergyman's visit would be repelled; and sometimes their simple earnestness triumphs over

* The General Church-Building Society was founded by Sir T. Acland, Lord Kenyon, and others, ten years earlier, in 1818; but this is supported by public collections under Queen's Letters, not by private efforts.

the logic of Tom Paine and the rhetoric of the Sunday newspaper, and wins back family after family of baptized heathens to the pale of Christendom.

These are some of the objects effected by the collective exertions of the Evangelical body. But the work they have done is not to be measured by these public undertakings. They have been still more extensively useful by their private efforts, each in his own parish going about doing good, healing the sick, and preaching the Gospel to the poor. It has been by such silent labors that the profound darkness in which the English peasantry were enveloped at the beginning of the century* has been gradually dissipated. They were the establishers of Sunday Schools, of Infant Schools, and Lending Libraries. By weekly lectures in the sequestered hamlets of their parishes, they brought the teaching of the Church to the door of the most distant cottage. They promoted benefit societies and clothing clubs, and all the manifold machinery of parochial benevolence. And, by always residing on their preferment, they brought the civilizing influence of a resident gentry to bear upon many a village, which had been destitute of that advantage for several generations.

Unhappily, the rapid growth of the towns outstripped their efforts, and therefore the results effected have been wholly inadequate to the necessities of the time. Yet here, too, they did their best; and they were long the only party in the Church which attempted to do anything. By the institution of "District Visitors," they have established the only method of parochial organization which can enable a clergyman to become the ministering pastor of congregated myriads. Moreover, they have sought out the sailors on our docks, and the diggers on our railways, and gathered them together for worship. And they have not hesitated to preach in filthy courts and alleys, the haunts of vice and infamy, to audiences which could not be tempted to listen under any roof but the sky.†

It is true that in our own times these various means of good are pursued with equal zeal by other parties in the Church; yet we

* See, for example, Hannah More's account of the state of the Somersetshire peasantry, when she began to establish schools among them. In reading it, one can scarcely believe that such barbarism could have existed in England only fifty years ago. It is true that the "Christian Knowledge Society," at the beginning of the 18th century, made some noble efforts in the same direction, and continued to do all that was done at all for the religious education of the people till recent times. But after the middle of last century, it had fallen into languor and decrepitude, from which it did not revive till after the beginning of the present.

† This open-air preaching has been lately tried with great success by some of the clergy in our large towns, especially at Liverpool.

must not on that account forget the debt of gratitude due to their originators. It is often said, indeed, that the Evangelical body are no longer what they were forty years ago; that they have lost their first love, and ceased to do their first works. This charge is perhaps not altogether groundless, for their creed has now become an hereditary system, which must often be adopted more from habit than conviction. Yet, if we keep in mind the distinction to be drawn between genuine "Evangelicalism" and its two degradations (the exaggerated and the stagnant), we shall find that the original type still contributes largely and healthily to the religious element of our national life. We have already given sufficient proof of its continuous activity in public matters. In the more important sphere of private duty it is less easy to cite examples, which could not be mentioned without violating the modesty of unostentatious merit in secluded parsonages. But we imagine that most of our readers can supply examples for themselves, by looking round among the clergy of their neighborhood. Such pastors may not perhaps be men of the most comprehensive understanding; not the fittest teachers for inquiring minds, nor qualified to refute the learned infidelity of Strauss or Newman. But upon the middle and lower ranks of their parishioners they often have a stronger influence than their more intellectual brethren. The attraction of their personal character, shown forth in a daily life of self-sacrificing love, gradually wins many to righteousness, and turns the hearts of the disobedient to the wisdom of the just. The biographies of two such men, Hamilton Forsyth and Spencer Thornton, have recently been published, and have passed through several editions. They both died before middle age, but were no otherwise distinguished from hundreds of their fellows. They gave themselves to the work of their calling, with no great abilities and no public notice. Yet those who study the narrative of their lives will see how much they did, by the mere force of unquestionable sincerity and personal holiness, during the short time in which they were permitted to serve their generation. A third biography, equally recent and equally popular with the above (that of Mr. Fox, the missionary), represents an adherent of the same theological school, but of a less ordinary type. While a school-boy at Rugby, he devoted himself in heart to the work of converting the heathen. When he had completed his education at Oxford, he carried this purpose into execution. Southern India was the scene of his ministrations; and under that burning sun in a few years of too eager labors he wore out a strong constitution, and came home to die. Yet his life was not thrown away, nor do such martyrs ever sacrifice themselves in vain. In them is still ful-

filled that which was said of old, *semen est sanguis Christianorum*. For one who thus falls, many spring up to take his place. Henry Fox, himself the follower of Henry Martyn, has been already followed by other academic students like minded with himself.*

But there is no need to dwell on the merits of the dead, nor to violate the modesty of private station, in order to disprove the assertion that the party of Wilberforce, Cecil, and Simeon, is effete. The notion is sufficiently confuted by living examples in the most conspicuous positions. One only we will mention, as a type of his class. Dr. Perry, now Bishop of Melbourne, began his career by obtaining the highest honors which Cambridge can bestow. He was the Senior Wrangler of his year, and afterwards obtained a Fellowship of Trinity, and resided for some years in his college chambers. In that luxurious seat of learning he devoted himself, not to the amusements of literary leisure, but to alleviating the sufferings and caring for the spiritual interests of the destitute and wretched. Barnwell, a great suburb of Cambridge, had recently sprung up, and then contained 10,000 inhabitants, almost exclusively of the very lowest class, and a large proportion of them supported by thieving and prostitution. For this population there was one small church, which held 200 people, and was endowed with 40*l.* per annum. The incumbent (a man of the old school, now deceased), utterly neglected his flock, which was in a state of as hopeless degradation, spiritual, moral, and physical, as it is possible to imagine. Dr. Perry's first step was to purchase the advowson of this living, and to institute a working clergyman. He next built two large churches, and divided the overgrown cure into two ecclesiastical districts, each provided with its parochial schools, its district visitors, and other appliances of a well-organized parish. The second of these he took under his own pastoral charge, and refused, for its sake, one of the best livings in the diocese, which the bishop offered him as a testimonial of his eminent services to the church. Soon afterwards, the colonial bishopric of Melbourne was pressed upon him by the government of the day. Dr. Perry was already a man of established reputation and independent fortune. He had everything to lose, and nothing to gain, by accepting the offer. Had he acted on selfish principles, he must have refused to give up the society of Cambridge, the comforts of English civilization, and the reverential attachment of grateful parishioners, and to exchange all this for perpetual exile and disheartening labor, far

from the seats of all the Muses, among the Mammon-seeking and Jacobinical population of a new colony. But he was not a man to hesitate, when duty was on one side and inclination on the other. All earthly motives urged him to remain; but he heard a voice which called him to build up the church of Christ, and graft upon the vigorous growth of a new nation the germs of a higher life. That call he obeyed, and went forth in the spirit of the patriarchs, "*not knowing whither he went.*" And now, from time to time, come the tidings of his steadfast faith and patience triumphing over difficulty and prejudice; his unwearied activity; his confirmations in distant settlements; his visitations through the bush; and, latterly, of the personal hardships to which he has been subjected, by the sudden metamorphosis of his diocese into the gold mine of the world. The last intelligence we have seen of him was given by a picture in an Illustrated Newspaper, which represented him preaching on the fork of a tree to the gold-diggers of Mount Alexander. That picture must have touched the hearts of many of his Cambridge pupils, as they remembered the happy English home which he had abandoned for such a destiny. Who shall say that faith is dead, when such fruits of faith are living? Do men gather grapes of thorns, or figs of thistles?

We deny, then, that the old Evangelical party is effete, while it still brings forth children so worthy of their spiritual ancestry. Yet at the same time we must confess that its strength and vigor is relatively if not positively diminished, and that its hold upon the public is less than it was in the last generation. This may be accounted for partly by a certain narrowness and rigidity in its teaching, which has increased as its traditional doctrines have become more fixed and technical; partly by the almost inevitable tendency of the human mind, while contending for truth, to insist that her shield must have both sides of the same color; partly also from that neglect of theological learning,* with which all parties

* The Evangelical party has been too much devoted to practical work to think much of Literature. Yet its chief literary organ, the "*Christian Observer*" was at first very ably conducted by Mr. Zachary Macaulay. And it has now, after a long interregnum of dulness, recovered something of its original character. At present, moreover, the party may boast of numbering among its members one of the most learned writers of the day, Mr. Goode, who, in his own line of controversial theology, is probably unsurpassed. One reason of the neglect of learning in the Church, is that such men are not encouraged by Cathedral Preferment, which would set them free from parochial cares to follow their true vocation. It is a singular and not a creditable fact, that Mr. Goode and Mr. Horne, two of the most eminent contributors to our scanty stock of theological literature, should

* The readers of Dr. Arnold's life will remember how one of his "evangelical" friends renounced the comforts of an Oxford fellowship to preach the Gospel on the shores of the Carnatic.

in the Church are chargeable, and for which the blame must rest, not on one or the other party, but on the universities and the nation. This neglect, and especially the want of critical study of the text of Scripture, has paved the way for the extravagances of the extreme party which calls itself by the same name, and is by the public often confounded with the old Evangelical body. The disgust but too justly excited by the eccentric offspring, has alienated some reasonable men from the sober-minded parent. This exaggeration of Evangelicalism, sometimes called the Puritan, sometimes, from its chief organ, the *Recordite* party, we shall now endeavor to describe.

Its distinctive doctrines are derived from those of the Evangelical school, by pushing each of these to extravagant consequences. Thus from *justification by faith* the *Recordite* infers the worthlessness of morality; on *conversion by grace* he builds a system of predestinarian fatalism; from the *sole supremacy of Scripture* he derives the dogma of verbal inspiration. Under the first head, he teaches not only that faith is the sole source of virtue, but that its genuineness must be tested not by the works but by the feelings; and faith he defines, not as a spiritual affection, but as an assent to the single proposition "I believe that I am saved." This, at least, is the definition adopted by the more logical members of the party; but the majority, repelled by its monstrous consequences, substitute a circular definition, which makes faith to be "the belief that one is justified by faith." True believers are only those who can pronounce the Shibboleth of the sect; and this is the sufficient criterion of conversion. Hence results that worst of formalisms, the substitution of a form of words for the worship of spirit and of truth. Even at the hour of death, when other delusions are dispelled, this reigns triumphant. The dying sinner, if his blanched lips can mutter the prescriptive phrase, is dismissed undoubtedly to paradise. The dying saint, if he has not rehearsed the formula, is consigned to an uncovenanted doom. No matter though his life have been spent in the labors of an apostle — though his last words breathe trust and love — his case is considered doubtful, if not desperate, if he has not recited the magic words "I believe that I am justified by faith." To prove that this is no exaggerated view, we quote the judgment of the party (as expressed in their chief organ) on the death-bed of Arnold. "Did he" (says the critic) "even in death, rest intelligently and clearly on that funda-

mental doctrine [justification by faith] on which Luther declared the gospel turned, and whosoever denieth which is not to be accounted, in the words of Cranmer, for a Christian man. WE CANNOT SAY. IT DOES NOT APPEAR."* To appreciate fully the superstition of this, it must be remembered that Arnold was a conspicuous defender of the doctrine of justification by faith; so that the doubt of his salvation is caused by his failing to go through a certain verbal form in his dying agonies. What heathen incantation, what negro fetish worship can be more unspiritual than this idolatry of a Shibboleth!

The same formalism which leads to this rigid enforcement of a peculiar phraseology, leads also to a superstitious fear of ethical exhortation. If a preacher of the school ventures to enforce morality at all, he does it in a style the most timid and hesitating; and begins by apologizing to his hearers for seeming to limit the freedom of the Gospel, and by explaining that his object is not so much to exhort them to holiness, as to convince them of helplessness. If he begs them to abstain from evil, it is only because the commission of sin will "cloud the clearness of their assurance." Moreover, he is careful to destroy all the cogency of his expostulations, by explaining that sin cannot affect the safety of a believer, for "the sins of believers are forgiven even before their commission." On the other hand, if a man be not a "believer," his virtues are nothing better than "splendid sins."† Hence the very ideas of right and wrong have no meaning beyond the limits of the sect; and within its boundaries they would have as little, but that man's conscience is stronger than his logic. Thus the very

* "Record," Feb. 3, 1845. The article goes on to express a charitable hope that Arnold's faith secured his personal safety; but concludes with warning its readers against adopting his opinions lest they should "perceive, when too late, the truth of the closing words of Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, 'Then I saw that there was a way to hell even from the gates of heaven, as well as from the city of destruction.'"

† The *Recordite* party justify this assertion by appealing to the 13th Article, which declares that "works done before grace have the nature of sin." But this proposition, if interpreted in the Puritanic sense, would contradict the inspired declaration, that the prayers and aims of the heathen Cornelius were acceptable to God (Acts x. 4, and 35). The true meaning of the Article is only that Divine Grace and Human Goodness are coextensive; so that where there is no Grace there is no Goodness, and, conversely, that whosoever there is Goodness there is Grace. Thus the virtues of Socrates are not denied, but only ascribed to their true source. Whereas in the Puritanic view (which unhappily was adopted by some of the continental Reformers) they are denied to be virtues at all; and thus the very foundations of all religious evidence, the axiomatic ideas of morality, are cut away.

both be suffered to remain incumbents of London parishes. We see, indeed, from the Clergy List, that Mr. Horne does hold a Prebend of St. Paul's, one of that class called the *laudatur et alget* Prebends, worth eleven pounds per annum. The Canonries are in the gift of the crown.

preachers who proclaim the "imputed righteousness" of the most sinful believer, seldom proceed to the conclusion of the Antinomian—Let us continue in sin that grace may abound.*

The belief in Predestination, which we have mentioned as the second article of their faith, does not indeed belong distinctively to them. It is shared by many sects, not only of Christians but of heathens. Greek philosophers and Turkish mollahs have adopted the same solution of the same insoluble problem. It would be the extremest presumption peremptorily to deny the theoretical truth of that solution; nor is it less presumptuous peremptorily to affirm it. The question is left undecided by Scripture, and cannot be decided by Reason. But, whatever may be thought of fatalism as a speculative theory, it is evident (as Butler has taught us) that men must act as if such a theory were false. Hence it would seem to follow that exhortations meant to influence action, should not put it prominently forward.* This rule is systematically violated by the most popular preachers of the Recordite party, who obtrude their own views of these impenetrable mysteries as certain truth, and deduce consequences from them which shock the elementary ideas of morality. They address their hearers as divided into two classes by an impassable, though invisible, line of demarcation. Those on one side are predestined from eternity to salvation; those on the other are doomed before their birth to reprobation.† The "Church" consists of the former only, though many of them are now living in vice; for they will all, sooner or later, receive that "effectual calling," which will irresistibly compel them to come in. The notion of a Visible Church is (according to these preachers) a falsity; all who do not belong to their "Invisible Church" are without the pale of salvation. Hence their opposition to those parts of the Anglican liturgy which teach that "all who profess and call themselves Christians" are admitted to all the privileges of the Catholic Church.‡ The majority of their fellow-Christians are collectively stigmatized as "the world which lieth in wickedness." And so great is their horror of this Christian world, that, being compelled in the course of

the Sunday Lessons to read the declarations that "God loved the world," and that our Lord "came to save the world," some of them have been even known to interpolate an explanation on the spot.*

From the same theory they derive conclusions concerning the Divine attributes which are peculiarly offensive to the human conscience. For this very reason they delight in proclaiming such tenets, because they consider their rejection a proof of man's natural hostility to God. They assert (for example) that the sole object of the Creator and Redeemer was, not to promote the happiness of his creatures, but to increase his own glory. It would be blasphemous to state the consequences of such a view in its bearing on the axiomatic truth that the perfection of man is to be sought in a moral resemblance to God. Hence, also, they infer that it is the highest attainment of Christian grace to delight in contemplating the execution of Divine vengeance on the wicked.†

The third corner-stone of the Recordite creed is the dogma of "Verbal Inspiration." The Bible is regarded, not as a collection of books written by men under Divine guidance, but as a single book, dictated in every word and letter by God himself. This theory, avowedly opposed to the *primâ facie* evidence of Scripture itself, is maintained by the *a priori* argument, that if we once introduce the slightest uncertainty into Scripture, we are left without any sure guide at all: the precise ground on which Romanists defend Papal infallibility. In accordance with this assumption, every casual allusion in Scripture to a fact of history, geology, or astronomy, however unconnected with religion, must be literally and infallibly accurate. By these dogmatists (says Bishop Hall) "every point of heraldry in the sacred genealogies is made matter of no less than life and death to the soul."‡ Hence they are compelled to resort to the most arbitrary and unscrupulous misinterpretations, either violently wresting Scripture to make it accord with facts, or denying facts which they cannot reconcile with Scripture. From the principle which they assume, the condemnation of Galileo for affirming the earth's motion, follows as an inevitable conse-

* Archbishop Sumner's work on "Apostolical Preaching" contains some excellent remonstrances against preaching predestination. If all who profess to look up to him with veneration would follow his advice and example, there would be but few Recordites.

† The word "reprobation" is, however, seldom heard; and the doctrine, though always implied, is seldom distinctly preached.

‡ A clergyman of this party in Devonshire was not long since suspended by the Court of Arches for refusing to read the Baptismal service without mutilation.

* Within the last few years there was a clergyman in Leicestershire who used to read such passages thus: "God so loved the elect," "I came not to judge the elect, but to save the elect," &c.

† We were once listening to an eloquent preacher who enforced this doctrine, and quoted the standard illustration of Agag—"We must attain, my brethren, to the same grace with Samuel, who hewed Agag in pieces before the Lord;" when a friend at our side whispered, with great energy, "I have attained it, I have attained it. I could chop the preacher into mince-meat with pleasure."

‡ Hall's Occasional Meditations.

quence.* From the same premises it is inferred that each book in the Bible is equally valuable to the Christian, and that the only distinction between the Old Testament and the New is their difference of bulk. Hence the Old Testament, containing four times as many pages as the New, should be four times as much studied. We do not know that this proposition has been arithmetically stated by the Recordite School, but it is practically acted on.† By a strange paradox, the very party which in its phraseology most magnifies the Gospel and disparages the Law, practically raises the Mosaic dispensation above the Christian. It is essentially a Judaizing party. The characters on which it dwells most fondly, the ordinances to which it clings most passionately, are the characters and the ordinances of Judaism. Its models of Christian life are the Jewish Patriarchs. Indeed, the religion of some members of this party seems to consist solely in love of Jews and hatred of Pupists. Their favorite society is that which professes to be founded for the conversion of Israelites to Christianity, but which too often acts as a Propaganda for converting Christians to Judaism.‡ It spends vast sums in sending emissaries over the country, who diffuse Judaic views of Scripture, and proclaim the spiritual inferiority of the Gentile to the Jew. Those glorious prophecies of the restoration of Israel, and the blessedness of the New Jerusalem, which have their fulfilment (according to the teaching of St. Paul) in the destinies of the Christian Church, are applied by these propagandists to the carnal seed of Abraham, to the pawnbrokers

of Monmouth Street, and the slop-sellers of St. Giles. Nay, some of the most eminent leaders of the party seek even to revive the ordinance of circumcision; and their most popular writer, the late Charlotte Elizabeth, published a pamphlet addressed to Bishop Alexander (the first English Bishop of Jerusalem), exhorting him to enforce the observance of this rite upon his sons.*

But the most conspicuous example of Judaizing tendencies in the party is furnished by their Sabbatarian views. In defiance of the clearest expressions of Scripture — in defiance of the universal consent of all foreign churches, Catholic and Protestant — in defiance of the express declarations of the Reformers — but in accordance with the tradition of the Scotch and English Puritans — they teach that the Christian Lord's Day is identical with the Jewish Sabbath. Nay, they require that it should be observed with a stern severity unknown even to the Mosaic ritual. The effect of such an observance upon those who submit to it for conscience' sake, is, we freely own, most beneficial. Nor does it differ materially from that observance of the day which is the highest privilege of the Christian. Those who know how much we need every help to raise our thoughts above the turmoil of the world, will feel thankful that they are permitted to rest from earthly cares and amusements on the Sunday. They will be ready to exclaim with Herbert —

O day most calm, most bright,
The fruit of this, the next world's bud,
The week were dark but for thy light.

But the Puritans have always enforced this religious privilege of the advanced Christian, as if it had been a command compulsory upon all men. And they have enforced it, moreover, in its negative and prohibitory aspect; where they could, by penal laws; everywhere by damnable denunciations. Thousands are thus alienated from piety, by associating it from their earliest childhood with a day of gloom and restriction, imposed upon them by arbitrary force. As one example among a hundred of the method pursued by this party to repel children from religion, we will quote the following hymn "for Saturday night," from a popular collection of devotional poetry:—

Haste, put your playthings all away,
To-morrow is the Sabbath day.

* The earliest instance we have met with of this theory is mentioned in Montucla's History of Mathematics. When first the true doctrine of the Multiplication of Fractions was taught, a Spanish friar wrote against it, alleging that it was heretical to assert that Multiplication by a Fraction diminished the Multiplicand, because Scripture had said "Increase and multiply," and thereby had made *Multiplication* equivalent to *Augmentation*. Specimens of modern absurdity, quite equal to this, may be found embedded in that rich conglomerate, the Appendix to the fifth Edition of Professor Sedgwick's "Discourse on the Studies of Cambridge."

† Good old Mr. Romaine (a Recordite before the Record) came very near the arithmetical statement. His mode of reading the Bible was to begin at the first chapter of Genesis, till he reached the last of Revelation, and then to begin with Genesis again. Thus he read four pages of the Old Testament for one of the New.

‡ The faults of this society are not in its design, but in its management; and we must acknowledge that they are redeemed by one great merit, viz., its co-operation in the establishment of the Jerusalem bishopric, the most truly catholic deed ever done by the Church of England, whereby she has given the hand of fellowship to the Protestants of Germany on one side, and the Greek, Syrian, and Coptic churches on the other.

* "Israel's Ordinances, a Letter to the Bishop of Jerusalem." The bishop was a Jewish convert, and the substance of the pamphlet is contained in the following paragraph. "Call you what we will, my lord, you are a Jew, a circumcised Jew. My dear lord, bear with me, while I respectfully and affectionately put once more the query — why are not your sons also Jews?"

Come, bring to me your Noah's ark,
Your pretty tinkling music-cart.
Because, my love, you must not play,
But holy keep the Sabbath day.

Bring me your German village, please,
With all its houses, gates, and trees :
Your waxen doll with eyes of blue,
And all her tea-things bright and new.
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath day.

Now take your Sunday pictures down,
King David with his harp and crown,
Good little Samuel on his knees,
And many pleasant sights like these.
Because, you know, you must not play,
But love to keep the Sabbath day.*

To such well-meant coaxing, the child replies bluntly, "I don't like Sunday pictures, Ma; I like my doll." And on being scolded for this, and taunted with the example of Samuel, if it is a very naughty child it exclaims, "I hate that nasty little Samuel!" Whereupon a whipping terminates the controversy. A somewhat similar poem is sung in many Infant Schools, which should be entitled "The Infant's Reasons for hating Sunday." It begins thus :—

We must not play on Sunday;
But we may play on Monday,
On Tuesday and on Wednesday,
On Thursday, Friday, Saturday,
Till Sunday comes again.

We must not laugh on Sunday;
But we may laugh on Monday,
&c., &c. (as before).

We may laugh (on Monday) at these absurdities, but the results of such folly are often no laughing matter. The child is father of the man; and a childhood thus trained too often fathers a manhood of impiety. Yet it is not on those who can be constrained, whether by force or by persuasion, to Sabbathize, that the bad effects are most serious. The real sufferers are the working millions, whom Nature, shut out by steam-engine and spinning-jenny during the week, draws forth upon the day of rest, to refresh their lungs with purer air, and their eyes and hearts with gazing on the unspoiled works of their Creator. Religion is too often known to these multitudes in the Puritan form alone. They have been taught by their spiritual guides, both Episcopalian and Dissenting, that it is "Sabbath-breaking" to look upon green fields and running brooks; and that Sabbath-breaking is as great a sin as drunkenness or fornication. Thus their Sunday pleasures, in themselves so innocent, are turned into guilt. Being placed under the ban of religion, they become reckless of her restraints. As they are Sabbath-breakers already, they think they may as well be

drunkards too. And when, upon the wings of steam, they have left the smoky town far behind, they vary their excursions by a visit, not to the rural church (whither, by wiser treatment, they might easily have been won), but to the road-side ale-house. Thus the masses are brutalized and degraded by the attempt to raise them prematurely to a high degree of spiritual advancement.

Such are the main points in the theoretical system of this extreme school. We must remember, however, that a man may agree in some of these opinions, and yet be no genuine Recordite. To make him such, he must combine his creed with the proper amount of ignorance and intolerance, and must enforce it in a damatory spirit. Of this latter quality a few specimens will suffice, out of the ample supply afforded by the recognized organ of the party. Take the following as a sample of the mode of silencing an opponent: "Of all this we may say to Mr. Gresley, as Christian says to Ignorance in *Pilgrim's Progress*, the working of which faith, I perceive, poor Ignorance, thou art ignorant of. As to this person going on to describe the errors of men of Evangelical principles . . . the propriety of such criticisms from such a quarter is that of a man blind from his birth discoursing on the ocular mistakes of those who have sight."* In the same spirit the Crystal Palace question is thus settled: "It is surprising that any animal, with a head of a higher order than a Chimpanzee, should pronounce it innocent to open a place for public worldly amusement on the Sabbath."† The same paper, after lamenting the fact that all English railways run trains on Sunday, denounces the shareholders as follows: "The consciences of the shareholders and directors appear to be seared. We are tempted to ask, where can such men live? What religion do they profess? Are they Jews? Are they Infidels? Do they ever enter a church?"‡

This intolerance, however, proceeds not from a bad heart, but from lack of knowledge and feebleness of mind. Dr. Arnold has justly described their literary organ as "a true specimen of the party, with their infinitely little minds, disputing about anise and cummin, when heaven and earth are coming together around them."§ And he defines an "Evangelical" of this class to be "a good Christian, with a low understanding, a bad education, and ignorance of the world."|| The only objection to this definition is that their ignorance is not limited to worldly affairs, but extends impartially to things

* Remarks on Mr. Gresley, reprinted from the "Record" newspaper, p. 18.

† Record, Nov. 19, 1852.

‡ Record, Dec. 6, 1852.

§ Arnold's Life, p. 225.

|| Ibid. p. 221.

* "Rhymes for my Children," by Mrs. Dunbar.

sacred and profane. It cannot, indeed, be fully understood except by those who have had the privilege to "sit under" thirty or forty Recordite preachers. Yet, from time to time, specimens are brought before the public, which cast a light upon the depths below. Our readers probably have not forgotten the amusement excited by the singular mistake of one leader of the party, who denounced Lord John Russell from his pulpit, as the author of "Russell's Modern Europe." We have ourselves heard a chief pillar of the same school explain the *Descent into Hell* to mean the *Incarnation*; and this blunder was repeated in several sermons. To give instances of their misinterpretation of Scripture, their desperate dislocation of text from context, and the cruel wrongs done to grammar in the struggle, would be an instructive task. But we abstain from undertaking it, lest we should unintentionally connect ludicrous images with holy words.

Such ignorance is often accompanied by a want of taste equally deplorable. This shows itself conspicuously in the grotesque buffooneries of platform oratory. But its most painful manifestation is the irreverence with which even the most sacred names and persons are treated in the pulpit. For the reason above given, we will not dwell upon this topic. As an example of our meaning it will be sufficient to mention the single fact, that a leader of the party lately travestied the solemn language wherein Scripture proclaims the coming of the Lord to judgment and applied it (by changing the word *King* into *Prince*) to describe the visit of Prince Albert to Liverpool.*

But we must hasten from the preaching of our modern Puritans to their practice. Their theory naturally leads them to neglect the mass of their parishioners, and confine their attention to the few whom they regard as the elect. Moreover, their view of the ministerial office makes preaching its only essential function. An Irish prelate (who is, we believe, the only bishop belonging to the party) enforces this view in a recent visitation charge. He tells his clergy that they must not scruple

* The following is the advertisement of the sermon referred to:—"EVERY EYE SHALL SEE HIM; or, *Prince Albert's Visit to Liverpool used in illustration of the second Coming of Christ*. A Sermon, by the Rev. H. McNeill, London, Hatchard." An adaptation of the passage of Isaiah (xxxiii. 17), "*Thine eye shall see the King in his beauty*," is introduced into this sermon, where *Prince* is substituted for *King*. In a faithful picture of the Recordite party, it is impossible not to refer to its ablest leader. But in doing so we are anxious to say that although, in this and some other instances, we think him blamable, yet we believe him to be a thoroughly sincere and honest man, and to have done much good by the great influence which his eloquence has given him over the second town in the kingdom.

to omit their visits to the sick and poor, if by so doing they can give greater force to their hebdomadal performance in the pulpit.* It is not wonderful that such a precept should be willingly obeyed. For it is a much easier task to sit in a comfortable study beside a blazing fire, than to trudge in sleet and snow through miry lanes; a much more agreeable duty to lounge over a volume of Divinity in an easy chair, than to kneel beside the filthy bed of a dying pauper.

But, in truth, a Recordite clergyman is out of his element in a parish. When he has one, indeed, he often labors most conscientiously among his parishioners; but the parochial system, with its practical recognition of the universal brotherhood of Christians, cannot be made to square with his theological exclusiveness. What he likes is, not a Parish, but a Congregation. The possession of a chapel in a large town, which he may fill with his own disciples, is his ideal of clerical usefulness. The kind of post desired is continually described in the advertising columns of the "Record." Here is one example out of many. "*A Clergyman, M. A., of evangelical views, desires a sole charge in some town sphere of usefulness. Advertiser sets forth zealously and faithfully the whole counsel of God, and preaches unwritten sermons. His qualifications being of rather a high order, a suitable stipend required. Also, as he is a BACHELOR, the advantage of good society desirable. Address L. L. B. at the office of the Record.*"† The above gentleman makes no invidious distinction between one town and another; but the following is more particular, and requires a London audience. "*The Advertiser having been found, under God, very successful in preaching the doctrines of Grace, would be glad in meeting another Metropolitan sphere. He has a powerful voice, an earnest delivery, and a style of preaching best suited to an educated and enlightened audience.*"‡ It would be unfair to estimate the general character of the Recordite clergy by these advertisements, but they show the nature of the "sphere" most coveted. In fact, few positions are, in a worldly point of view, more enviable than that of the popular incumbent of a town chapel. No vestry patriots vex his meditative moments; no squabbles with tithe-abhorring farmers disturb his sleep. When he looks round him from his pulpit, his glance is not met, like that of the parochial clergyman, by the stare of stolidity or indifference; but he beholds a throng of fervent worshippers who

* See the Charge of the Bishop of Ossory, pp. 25, 26.

† The latter part of this advertisement is so strong, that we at first thought it must be a hoax. But its genuineness was acknowledged by the "Record" itself, in answer to a correspondent who attacked it.

‡ Record, Oct. 25, 1852.

hang upon his lips, and whose very presence as voluntary members of his congregation is a pledge of their personal attachment to himself. There is something not merely soothing to vanity, but animating to the better parts of his nature, in such a spectacle. The zealous man must feel his zeal quickened, the pious his piety warmed, by such evidence of sympathy; and among the Recordite clergy men of zeal and piety are not lacking. But, besides these advantages, he is exempted from all the more burdensome responsibilities of the pastoral charge. His flock consists exclusively of the wealthy or easy classes, so that the painful task of attempting to enlighten brutal ignorance, and to raise degraded pauperism, is not among his duties. Even if a local district has nominally been attached to his chapel, its poor inhabitants form no part of his congregation, or, at most, only a straggling representative of their class lurks here and there, behind the pulpit, or beneath the organ. The duties of such a district, if there be any, are performed by the Curate, who reads the prayers and is kept "to serve tables" while the incumbent devotes himself to "the ministry of the Word."

His ministry consists essentially in preaching two extempore sermons on the Sunday. But there are other duties incidentally pertaining to his office. One of the most important is that of attending at the evening parties of his wealthier adherents. These social meetings are, indeed, among the most characteristic phenomena of the sect. In them we can best study its peculiar phraseology, and some of its most curious etiquettes and observances. The principal topics discussed in such assemblies are the merits and demerits of different preachers, the approaching restoration of the Jews, the date of the Millennium, the progress of the "Tractarian heresy," and the anticipated "perversion" of High Church neighbors. These subjects are canvassed in a dialect differing considerably from common English. The words "*faithful*," "*tainted*," "*acceptable*," "*decided*," "*legal*," and many others, are used in a technical sense. We hear that Mr. A. has been more "*owned*" than Mr. B., and that Mr. C. has more "*seals*"* than Mr. D. Again, the word "*gracious*" is invested with a meaning as extensive as that attached by young ladies to "*nice*." Thus we hear of "a gracious sermon," "a gracious meeting," "a gracious child," and even "a gracious whipping."†

* A preacher is said in this phraseology to be "*owned*" when he makes many converts, and his converts are called his "*seals*."

† We are told of the hero of a recent biography that "He gratefully recorded the history of his own correction, and blessed the *scour* which had sometimes used the rod. In his father's chastening of him when a little child, he considered there had been a *skill*, and a secret of *gracious* influence,

The word "*dark*" has also a new and peculiar usage. It is applied to every person, book, or place, not impregnated with Recordite principles. We once were witnesses of a ludicrous misunderstanding resulting from this phraseology. "What did you mean?" (said A. to B.) "by telling me that — was such a very dark village? I rode over there to-day, and found the streets particularly broad and cheerful, and there is not a tree in the place." "*The Gospel is not there*," was B.'s laconic reply.

In such conversation the evening wears away, not without instruction to the stranger who is initiated into these mysteries for the first time. At length, when he is preparing to depart, a rustling of gowns announces a general change of position; and suddenly the scattered chairs range themselves in a great semicircle, radiating from a central table, at which the clerical hero of the feast is seated. The fatal truth flashes upon the stranger's mind. An "*exposition*" is about to begin, and he is doomed to sit it out. The minute-hand of the timepiece opposite must traverse three-fourths of its circle, before that lengthened torture ceases. And then there follows a scene yet more painful to every right feeling; a by-play of complimentary etiquette between the clergy present, accompanied by polite pressing and coquettish refusals of the request urged by one upon another to offer the concluding prayer.*

But these evening assemblies are not the only amusements permitted by the party. They are often pitied as the doomed victims of *ennui*; for it is supposed that the absence of balls and races, cards and theatres, games of chance and tales of fiction, must render existence insupportable. Yet, even when they are destitute of higher objects, their life is by no means so colorless as is imagined. Novels and fairy-tales, it is true, are forbidden luxuries; but their place is abundantly supplied by the romantic fictions daily issuing from the Prophetic Press.† The imagination, cut down to the roots on one side, only pushes

which all his fond affection could never repay." (*Memoir of Forsyth*, p. 4.) We have mentioned this book above with deserved respect: we may therefore venture to express regret that its excellent writer should occasionally fall into this sort of phraseology.

* We trust that nothing we have here said will be considered as implying an objection to the practice of ending the social meetings of Christians with common prayer. We only deprecate the faults which tend to bring that practice into disesteem.

† The fertility of the Prophetic Press may be estimated from the fact, that, besides innumerable treatises and pamphlets, it sends forth several regular periodicals, of which the "*Christian Ladies' Magazine*," the "*Quarterly Journal of Prophecy*," and the "*Prophetic Herald*" have, we believe, the largest circulation.

forth more vigorous shoots in another direction. Nor is variety wanting to this literature; for no two writers agree in their predictions, and some new history of futurity is published monthly.

Again, it is a popular delusion that the Recordites are excluded from public amusements. Nothing can be more contrary to the fact. Races indeed, and theatres, they abjure; and good reasons may be urged for the abjuration; but public meetings and platform orators fill up the vacant space. Nor are these accessible only to the Londoner, or confined to the area of Exeter Hall. The religious world of every manufacturing town and watering-place has its fashionable season, when the secondary stars of London shoot down from their metropolitan sphere, to glitter on the provincial boards. Then follow morning meetings in the rotunda, and evening gatherings in the amphitheatre; Protestant breakfasts and Jewish luncheons; lectures here addresses there, and specification everywhere. Day after day, while fathers and husbands are busy in the counting-house, maids and matrons struggle for proximity to the platform. Their patient zeal is rewarded by the grateful orators with allusions complimentary and facetious, contrasting strangely with the solemn themes on which they are grafted.* On these occasions the Jewish Society generally attracts the largest audiences; nor is this surprising, when we remember the sex which furnishes the majority of the hearers. For where can curiosity find richer gratification than that supplied by this prophetic propaganda. Their bill of fare includes the immediate approach of the Red Dragon; the achievements of Gog and Magog; a fresh "discovery" of the Lost Tribes (sometimes in the valleys of Kurdistan, sometimes in the plains of Timbuctoo †); a new and accurate account of the battle of Armageddon; and a picture of the subversion of Omar's Mosque by an army of Israelites marching from the Seven

Dials. Such is the food provided for that love of Jews which distinguishes the sect. Nor is less ample provision made for their other ruling passion, the hatred of Papists. For its gratification, the Reformation Society meets in the subscription-rooms. There subtle calculators announce a new solution of the number of the beast; there Protestant rhetoricians rekindle the flames of Smithfield in many a gentle bosom; there the dungeons of the Inquisition are once more flung open to the light of day; and there the chaste eloquence of Father Achilli expatiates on the abuses of the confessional, and details with biographical fidelity every abomination of the Scarlet Woman.

The extravagances and buffooneries which too often disfigure these public meetings are perhaps unavoidable excrescences of a system which is itself a necessary evil. For it is said, and we fear truly, that without these periodical displays, it would be impossible to raise the requisite funds for religious or charitable objects. It is a further cause of regret that it should be needful to spend so large a part of the income thus contributed in the mere work of collection; and that so little of this service should be the free-will offering of Christian love. In fact, the whole machinery and getting up of these societies has become far too much a mere matter of trade.*

No doubt it is inevitable that when a party grows powerful in numbers and in wealth, it should attract retainers who join it rather from love of Mammon than from love of God. But this general truth is exemplified in a manner peculiarly painful among the adherents of the Recordite sect. We can scarcely look down a column of the Record without stumbling on the manifesto of some religious speculator, who is bent on turning godliness into gain. Conspicuous among these offenders are the clerical adventurers, some of whose advertisements we have already quoted. Next to these, governesses and tutors furnish the largest proportion of this mercenary class. As a specimen of the former, we may take the lady whose wishes are recorded as follows:—*"Wanted, by a middle-aged lady, an active and useful situation in a serious family, where her services would be considered EQUIVALENT TO REMUNERATION. A sanctified taste for literature would be valued, but opportunities of promoting the interests of the kingdom of God would be*

* The following specimen from the "Record" may suffice: *"The noble lord, in order to show the good which might be effected by those young ladies about to be married, related an anecdote of a lady who, during the existence of the Anti-Corn-law League, refused to marry her suitor until he became a subscriber to its funds. Of course such an obstacle as that did not stand long in the way, although the gentleman did not approve of the Association. And if the young ladies present would follow a similar course with respect to the Ragged School Union, they would speedily increase its income to a considerable extent."* We purposely suppress the name of the noble speaker, as it is not otherwise known to the public; and we are anxious not to give needless pain to private feelings.

† It was our fortune once to hear one of these Judaizers advocate the notion that the "Lost Tribes" are identical with the Saxons, on the ground that Saxon is an abridgement of Isaac's son.

* From the following advertisement it would really seem as if Religious Societies were sometimes got up in the same spirit as Railway Companies. *"TO RELIGIOUS AND BENEVOLENT SOCIETIES. A gentleman of high standing in address and knowledge in getting up, conducting, and corresponding with the public in aid of charitable institutions, is desirous of meeting with a confidential engagement, in the above capacity, either in town or country."*—(Record, Oct. 14, 1852.)

much preferred." This lady must surely be related to the author of the following:—"To GODLY PARENTS. A lady of PRACTICAL PIETY, opposed to Tractarianism, wishes to meet a godly family desiring to bring up their children in the way they should go. . . . She has finished her pupils without the aid of masters, and is thirty-five years of age."* These ladies are rivalled by the young gentleman who thus expresses his ambitious aspirations:—"To CHRISTIAN NOBLEMEN. A young man desires to enter a decidedly pious family as resident tutor. His whole aim will be to train his young charge in heart and life to the Lord. He teaches the Classics."† Schoolmistresses are equally eager to attract the patronage of the party. In the older editions of the late Mrs. Sherwood's religious tales, one was frequently interrupted at the crisis of the narrative by a fly-leaf interpolated between the pages, which contained a glowing description of an "establishment for the education of young ladies," kept by the authoress; reminding one of the Italian Improvisatori, who send round their hat before the catastrophe of their story. More recently, another lady of the same profession has adopted a more original mode of making known her merits, by publishing a treatise upon "Christian Marriage," wherein she describes her mode of instructing her young charge in the art of love.‡ Bookmakers also of every description make their profit out of the simplicity of the religious public, and adopt every advertising device to enhance the value of their wares. One of the most offensive we have seen is the following puff of a tract called "The Sinner's Friend." The writer, after telling us that "eleven hundred thousand copies" of his book have been already sold, goes on as follows:—"The personal kindness of the deservedly revered Archbishop to the author, far exceeds the power of the most glowing language to express, but may well be understood by those who have tasted its sweetness and encouragement."§ Another characteristic notice is that which announces the merits of "The Layman's Prayer-book." "It is altered," says the author, "so slightly from that you now use, as to be perfectly adapted in churches by the congregation, while the minister is reading from the present one; yet it is altered sufficiently to avoid unscriptural and unprotestant doctrines. Will you buy my little book, brother? Will you take it with you

to church?" Besides these literary advertisers, we find that ladies' maids, female companions, confidential clerks, coachmen and butlers, may be had in any number, of the prescribed opinions. And in a recent number of the Record we discovered a demand (no doubt soon followed by a supply) for "A good plain cook, of evangelical sentiments."*

It would, however, be most unjust (as we have before admitted) to take these advertisers in the Record as a fair sample of the Recordites. That party contains as large a proportion of sincere members as any other. And although we think the harm it does collectively, exceeds the good effected by its adherents individually, yet we must not deny that it has accomplished some useful tasks, which could not have so well been achieved by any other party. Every one now acknowledges the success of its emissaries in Ireland; and so much could scarcely have been effected against the ultra-montanism of Cullen and M'Hale, except by intolerance and dogmatism as peremptory as their own. Nor is it only in Ireland that we may see moral triumphs achieved by the Puritanic divinity. There are probably some minds so constituted, as to be incapable of receiving the truths of Christianity except under the Calvinistic form. And these seem to be principally found in a class where Christianity is much needed, the middle rank of society in trading and manufacturing communities. Many a worker in the gold-diggings of Lancashire and Yorkshire, who might otherwise have remained a selfish worshipper of Mammon all his days, has been roused by Puritanic preachers to the consciousness of a spiritual destiny. Such converts may be often seen devoting the hours of their well-earned Sunday, not to a calculation of the profits of the coming week, nor to idle relaxation from the toils of the past, but to the labors of the Sunday School, or the district visitor, in lanes reeking with the stench of sewers, and cellars pestilent with fever. Men like these, let their opinions be as narrow as they may, are the salt of this world, and the earnest of a better.

But the merits of individuals must not blind us to the mischief wrought by their party. This mischief consists, not in their success, but in their failure. The injury is done, not to those whom they convert, but to those whom they repel. If, indeed, they could succeed in proselytizing the people, they would do far more good than harm; because, though some of their opinions verge upon Antinomianism, they seldom practically lead to immorality; and religion, once admitted into the heart, will expel all demons thence. But, unhappily, though the Puritan theology is attractive to a few, it is repulsive to the multitude. By most minds it is rejected at

* Record, Oct. 19, 1852.

* Record, Nov. 25, 1852.

† Record, Oct. 11, 1852.

‡ "Only in the Lord, or Christian Marriage," is the title of this book. We omit the author's name, for the reason before given.

§ Record, Dec. 6, 1852. We have omitted a part of this advertisement, which could not be quoted without profaneness. We do not mean to impeach the sincerity of the author of this tract, and hope that the puff may have been inserted by his publisher without his sanction.

once, with an instinctive repugnance. And yet this theology is, by the lower ranks of society in our great towns, very generally identified with Christianity itself, which has been too often presented to them in no other shape, either in the meeting-house or the church.* To this circumstance may be attributed much of the infidelity now so general among the best instructed portion of the laboring classes. It is a melancholy fact that the men who make our steam-engines and railway carriages, our presses and telegraphs, the furniture of our houses and the clothing of our persons, have now in a fearful proportion renounced all faith in Christianity. They regard the Scripture as a forgery, and religion as priestcraft, and are living without God in the world. This state of things, sapping as it does the very sinews of our national life, cannot be wholly laid to the charge of any one party. All are in some measure accountable for it, in so far as all have fallen short of that perfect standard of Christian goodness, the sight of which is the only effectual instrument of conversion. But we do not hesitate to say that the party most directly guilty of driving half-educated men into atheism, is that which has pushed evangelical opinions into Puritan extravagance.†

These exaggerations of Protestant doctrine could not fail to produce a reaction in the opposite direction. As in the seventeenth century the intolerant Calvinism of the Synod of Dort promoted the triumph of Arminian theology in England, so in our own times a disgust at the excesses of the Puritanic party caused that rapid growth of High Church opinions, which distinguished the second quarter of the present century. It is often said, indeed, that the High Church party was predominant during the greater part of the preceding century, and continued powerful till the close of what we may call the *Eldonite* period. But this is a mere confusion, caused by similarity of names, between parties utterly dissimilar. The "Church and King men," who flourished thirty, fifty, or seventy years ago, were a political, and not a religious party.

* It must be remembered that, in the great towns, a large majority of the churches, and all the dissenting chapels, are supported on the voluntary principle, i. e., by pew-rents. They are, therefore, dependent on the religious portion of the shopkeepers who take the pews. But the shopkeepers as a class, if religious at all, are puritanically inclined. This accounts for the fact mentioned in the text.

† The two other chief causes of this infidelity are, first, the hateful distinction made by our pew system between rich and poor; and, secondly, the practice of dragging Sunday scholars to church at an age when they cannot understand a word of the service. What ought to be done with Sunday scholars during service-time is another question; and could only be properly answered by the restoration of the order of Deacons.

They sometimes talked of Orthodoxy, at Visitation Dinners or University Elections; but they meant by Orthodoxy, not any theological creed, but love of tithes and hatred of Methodists. They had no affinity with modern High Churchmen, except the dislike of Protestant Dissenters. The true High Church theology represents the dominant school of the Caroline epoch; a school which, though too often identified with despotic bigots like Laud, yet produced many illustrious writers and many eminent saints. This party died out at the beginning of the last century, after its exaggerated phase (with which we have recently been again familiarized) had developed itself in the Non-jurors. From this extreme form, however, it must be distinguished by every candid historian. The Anglican, though it may be pushed into the Romanistic creed, is not identical therewith. It was revived in a systematic form twenty years ago, by an able knot of writers, the principal of whom solemnly pledged themselves to one another,* to use every means of reviving a belief in the doctrines of Anglicanism, and originated for that purpose the "Tracts for the Times." It is true that these writers very rapidly developed the opinions from which they started into actual Romanism. But the earlier Tracts contain a *bonâ fide* attempt to base the creed of the Church upon strictly Anglican tradition. Mr. Newman has fully explained the way in which he and his ablest followers were led on, step by step, from this original standing point to higher ground. Nor would we deny that, according to the rules of strict logic, this progress was inevitable. But logical results from one principle are often modified by conclusions no less logical from another. And it is historically certain that many intellects, and those of no contemptible power, are capable of acquiescing in that system of belief which was maintained by Bull and Pearson, though to other minds its premises seem necessarily to involve the conclusions of Rome.

The characteristic tenets of this party are supplemental rather than contradictory to those of their predecessors. The Anglican accepts the doctrine that "*we are justified by faith*," but gives equal prominence to the additional truth that "*we are judged by works*." He acknowledges that men must be converted by grace, but maintains that Christians are regenerated by baptism. He assents to the sole supremacy of Scripture, but adds, that "*the Church hath authority in controversies of faith*."† And this authoritative church he distinguishes from all pretend-

* See the account of this compact (which was made in 1833) given by Mr. Percival, himself one of the parties to it, in his well-known "Letter to the Irish Ecclesiastical Journal."

† Article 20th.

ers by its apostolic descent. Thus, the watch-words of the School are "*Judgment by works*," "*Baptismal Regeneration*," "*Church Authority*," and "*Apostolical Succession*."

As to the first head, there is no real difference between the moderate Anglican and the moderate Evangelical. Both agree that the works of man cannot earn reward from God; both agree that without sanctification there can be no salvation. But perhaps the Evangelical party had laid too much stress on the beginning of the religious life, and had trusted to the spontaneous action of that first spiritual impulse for producing all requisite growth in holiness.* The Anglicans saw this mistake, and have corrected it by a teaching more systematically practical.

The second tenet, that of Baptismal Regeneration, is more distinctive. The Recordites, as we have seen, practically heathenize Christendom, by denying the Christian name to all except that narrow circle whom they designate as the elect. The Anglicans meet this uncharitable dogma with the assertion that all Christians, as such, are in a condition spiritually different from that of the heathen. They teach that all the members of the Visible Church are the elect of God; and that all baptized persons are members of the Visible Church, and as such are endowed with all gifts and graces necessary to salvation. Even here, though the difference may appear considerable between the High Church and Evangelical phraseology, it is really a difference rather in terms than in meaning. For the moderate Low Churchman allows that those who are baptized into the Christian Church are admitted to a share in spiritual blessings; and the Anglican acknowledges that if the regenerated infant grows up a sinful man, he needs conversion before he can enjoy the blessings to which he has been called.

The addition of the authority of the Church to that of Scripture, seems, at first sight, the most serious difference of the three. Yet such authority is undoubtedly claimed by the Articles, and may be narrowed within limits strictly Protestant. Nor can it be denied that a reasonable man, in the formation of his opinions, would give great weight to the collective judgment of other Christians. Yet, on the other hand, this principle has an alarming power of expansion. The Anglican divines have been led to cherish it partly because they felt the evils of perpetual doubt

and presumptuous questioning; partly because they sought for some authoritative guidance to check the follies of weak brethren;* but chiefly because they loved those moral qualities which are closely linked to obedience and submission. But their teaching on this head is beset by great difficulties. "We acknowledge," say their opponents, "the authority of the true Church; but for what Church do you claim this power, and where shall we find her teaching?" The Anglican replies, that the Church is that of England, and her teaching is to be found in her Liturgy and Articles. But these formularies admit of diverse interpretations, and need a living voice to decide between conflicting interpreters. "Where, then," says the inquirer, "shall I seek this living voice, which may solve my doubts?" To this it is replied that the accents of the Church are to be heard from the lips of her bishops, and that her presbyters ordained by those bishops are her living oracles to each individual layman in every separate parish. But when asked whether the laity under the charge of Dr. M'Neile are to believe a different creed from those under Dr. Pusey, the Anglican is perplexed for an answer; and still more so when he is reminded that the collective voice of the bishops is silent, and that individual bishops differ as much as their presbyters.

But again the inquirer demands satisfaction on a further point. "How am I to know," he says, "that the English establishment is that true Church which can alone claim authority to teach and guide?" The Anglican theology replies that the true Church possesses unity as well as visibility. Truth is one, therefore the true Church is one. And this one Church has a note whereby she may be known. In each country she is that body of orthodox Christians which is governed by bishops possessing the Apostolical Succession. Hence the Dissenter, who secedes from his parish church, is forsaking the communion of the Apostles. But here again the High Churchman is embarrassed by his Roman antagonist. For a rival Church exists in England, also governed by bishops to whom the Apostolic consecration has been lineally transmitted from the very source whence the Anglican bishops derive their own orders. And that Church declares the Anglican doctrine not orthodox but heretical, and her bishops not successors of the Apostles but schismatical usurpers. How are the laity of the Metropolis to decide whether their allegiance be due to the Bishop of London or

One of the best and ablest of the modern Evangelical Clergy has recently admitted this. Speaking of the preachers of his party, he says: "The Gospel, they say, is made up of a few cardinal truths, which cannot be too often repeated. . . . With so much time spent in laying the foundation again and again, little is left for informing and guiding men's consciences as to the thousand details of active life."—(Rev. H. Gurney's *Sermon on the Duke of Wellington*, preface, p. 4.)

* About the time of the first appearance of the "Tracts" half the religious world was going mad after the Irvingites (who spoke in unknown tongues), the Rowites (who worked miracles), and the Plymouth Brethren, who advocated a community of goods.

the "Archbishop of Westminster?" Their decision can scarcely be determined in favor of the former by the criterion of Unity, Ecclesiastical Authority, or Apostolical Succession.

Thus these hierarchical claims of Anglicanism are dangerous weapons; serviceable artillery, perhaps, against the sectarian, but liable to recoil in the discharge. They do not, however, hold a prominent place in the teaching of Moderate High Churchmen. They are not the basis of their system, but only secondary and ornamental details. Even against Dissenters they are not rigidly enforced. The hereditary non-conformist is not excluded from salvation. Foreign Protestants are even owned as brethren, though a mild regret is expressed that they lack the blessing of an authorized Church government. Apostolical succession is not practically made essential to the being of a Church, but rather cherished as a dignified and ancient pedigree, connecting our English episcopate with primitive antiquity, and binding the present to the past by a chain of filial piety. In the same hands, Church authority is reduced to little more than a claim to that deference which is due from the ignorant to the learned, from the taught to the teacher. Meanwhile, the maintainers of these views are useful, not only as a counterpoise to the extravagance of the Recordites, but for much positive good achieved by themselves. And, considered as a whole, they form a party which the Church could ill afford to spare.

In the first place, their system gives freer scope to the feelings of reverence, awe and beauty, than that of their opponents. They endeavor, and often successfully, to enlist these feelings in the service of piety. Music, painting and architecture they consecrate as the handmaids of religion. Thus they attract an order of men found chiefly among the most cultivated classes, whose hearts must be reached through their imagination rather than their understanding. It is surely well that such provision has been made for those whose taste (perhaps over refined) has been shocked by the slipshod familiarity of superficial religionists. But the influence of these Anglican divines is not confined to the fastidious few. They have given a greater reality to the religion of all ranks, by their energetic protest against the hollowness and insincerity of popular pietism. The Recordite party, as we have seen, had substituted a verbal profession of faith for a life of holiness. Too often a "professor of religion" was led to think that by the pronunciation of an easy Shibboleth, coupled with an abstinence from balls and theatres, he atoned for a life of covetousness and self-indulgence. The old Evangelical body, it is true, always discountenanced such self-deceit. But the Anglican School has checked it more successfully by

the prominence which they give to the duties of daily life and the formation of habits. Moreover their exhortations cannot be turned aside by excuses which often parry the home-thrusts of other preachers—"We are waiting for the time of our conversion"—"We hope to receive our effectual calling in due season."—To such pleas their reply is ready and consistent. "You have already received the needful help. You have the power to pray and act. You are now the elect of God; make your election sure, lest you be cast away." Such addresses administer no palliative to the conscience, and encourage no indolent hope of a compulsory reformation.

In the same spirit, the writers of this party have contributed to the religious literature of the day many admirable works which, under the guise of fiction, teach the purest Christianity, and exemplify its bearing on every detail of common life. To the training of childhood especially they have rendered most valuable aid, by thus embodying the precepts of the Gospel. But we need not do more than allude to works so universally known and valued as those of Miss Sewell, Mr. Adams, and Bishop Wilberforce.*

Again, the revival of the High Church party has effected an important improvement among the clergy. Many of these were prejudiced by hereditary dislike against the doctrines and the persons of the Evangelicals, and by this prejudice were repelled from religion. But under the name of orthodoxy and the banner of High Church, they have willingly received truth against which, had it come to them in another shape, they would have closed their ears and hearts. A better spirit has thus been breathed into hundreds who, but for this new movement, would have remained, as their fathers were before them, mere Nimrods, Ramrods, or Fishing rods.

We cannot trace to the party of which we are now speaking, such great measures of public morality as are due to the school of Wilberforce and Buxton. But this is no reproach to them; for they did not exist as a distinct party till those national reforms were accomplished. They have, however, originated two public movements of much importance in our own time; that for the establishment of Protestant Sisterhoods of Mercy, and that for the general creation of Colonial Bish-

* The Evangelical party has also pursued the line of religious fiction, but generally with less success. Mrs. Sherwood, it is true, had great power of narrative, but her love of the pomps and vanities of the world too often overpowers her sense of religion. One recent Evangelical work of this kind, however, we may notice, as possessing great merit—"The Daughter at Home," by an anonymous author. As a picture of the power of religion in gradually subduing the asperities of a gloomy disposition and morbid temper, this story is unequalled.

oprics.* Some discredit has been thrown upon the former of these objects, by the indiscretion of its more conspicuous promoters. Yet, even in the midst of this indiscretion, there has been much to admire, in the self-devotion of body and soul to the relief of misery. And the original sisterhood, instituted under the superintendence of the Bishop of London, to train nurses for the hospitals, has, we believe, furnished no such occasion of stumbling. The movement for establishing Bishoprics in the colonies has attracted greater public attention, and has met with more unqualified success. In the last thirteen years, fifteen new Bishoprics have been founded, and the complete organization of the Church transferred to as many nascent empires. We need not say that our satisfaction at this result springs not from our attributing any miraculous powers to the episcopal office. We value it not as the source of thaumaturgic influence, but as an instrument of good government; not for its magical but for its moral energy. The superintendence of any central authority can do much by combining and harmonizing the isolated efforts of individuals; the superintendence of a zealous and intelligent man can do more. Nor does he only render more efficient the labors of those amongst whom he comes to preside; his presence attracts more laborers into the vineyard. Those who would have shrunk from the isolation of independent action, now gladly go to work under a chief pastor on whose wisdom they rely, and on whose affectionate sympathy and encouragement they depend. That this is no mere theory is proved by the fact that in thirteen years the number of clergy in those fifteen new episcopates had increased from 274 to 503.†

But, as we have already said, the public measures promoted by an ecclesiastical party are a less certain test of its merits than that afforded by the conduct of its private members, and the efficiency of their parochial ministrations. From this criterion the Anglican party has no need to shrink. The moderate High Churchman (supposing him, of course, to be in earnest) is peculiarly fitted for the management of a country parish. With the aristocratic classes his view of Christianity is

usually more acceptable than any other; and his heartiness and old English feeling, his love of festivals and holidays, and his active benevolence, render him popular among the poor. With the middle class, the shopkeepers and artisans, he is usually less successful. They are not as yet sufficiently cultivated to be susceptible of the artistic and imaginative influences which attract the higher ranks, and they are filled with a jealous and not unnatural suspicion of everything in which they fancy a Rome-ward tendency. Hence the Anglican clergyman should, for his own comfort, and for the good of those under his charge, be placed rather in the country than in the town*; because, in the former, his parishioners consist almost exclusively either of the rich or poor, while the middling class is dominant in the boroughs. Such a clergyman as we have described will not differ from his Evangelical neighbors in any material point of doctrine. Had he lived fifty years ago, his sermons would have stamped him as a "Methodist" or a "Calvinist," among the fox-hunting parsons who used these terms synonymously, and applied them to every man who was an earnest believer in Christianity. Nor are his ordinary parochial labors distinguished from those of his Low Church brethren. He and they are equally to be found in the cottages of the poor, comforting the afflicted, reading to the sick, and praying with the dying. He adopts the same plans of usefulness which have been originated by his Evangelical predecessors. Like them he encourages the zeal for missionary exertion, though perhaps he may be prejudiced against the "Church Missionary Society," and the Committee which he establishes may collect funds for its elder sister of "the Propagation." He vies with his neighbors in zeal for the education of the poor; pays daily visits to his school; turns the *apprentice-teachers* into his private pupils; and works hard in preparing his master and mistress for the annual visit of Her Majesty's Inspector.

Within the walls of the Church the distinction of parties is perhaps more marked than in the school-room or the cottage; though even here it is becoming gradually obliterated, by the adoption among the best men in every party of the reforms originating with either side. The first difference which strikes us regards the Sacrament of Baptism. In its administration the Anglicans have revived the practice (alike rubrical and reasonable) of celebrating it in the public service. The infant member is adopted into the Christian family with the sympathizing prayers of his assembled brethren. The external appliances of the rite are made to correspond with its dignity and beauty. The mean basin of

* Leeds is an exception to this rule; but it is, so far as we know, the only exception.

* It is true that the first example in the present century was given by the Evangelical party; the foundation of the Bishopric of Calcutta in 1814 having been entirely due to the exertions of Wilberforce. But no general effort was made in the same cause, till the establishment of the "Colonial Bishopric Fund."

† In connection with these efforts for the benefit of the Colonies we should notice the great impulse given by the High Church party, during the last twenty years to the Society "for the Propagation of the Gospel;" and also the foundation of St. Augustine's College at Canterbury, for training Colonial Missionaries.

crockery is discarded, and the ancient font of stone restored, and filled to the brim with clear water, the consecrated type of purity and innocence. Nor is it (for the sake of a needless symbolism) pushed into the porch, where it must be invisible to the congregation, but placed in a conspicuous and central spot, where the service can be witnessed by every eye, and heard by every ear. The same sense of artistic fitness which dictates these changes, prompts also to other restorations. The parish priest has generally inherited from the past a Church beautiful in its original structure, but defaced by the tasteless innovations of recent barbarism. The "high embowed roof" no longer retains its original pitch; the windows have lost not only their stained glass, but even their tracery; the pillars are cut away to make room for hideous monuments; and the stone is buried under a hundred coats of whitewash. He hastens, so far as he can obtain the means, to restore the sacred edifice to its pristine beauty. The mouldings emerge into light; the whitewash disappears; the storied windows once more fling a chequered coloring over the walls; the crosses rise again from their broken shafts, over a lofty roof. But, when all this is done, the worst abomination remains behind. The area of nave, choir, and aisles is choked up with high square pews only half occupied, where the richer parishioners recline in solitary state, while the poor are too often left to stand in the gangways. This, perhaps the most odious practical abuse introduced into the Church during the last two centuries, the Anglican party has the credit of successfully combating. "Equality within the House of God," has been from the first their motto and their practice. Nor is it an easy task which they have undertaken. The fat farmer, who for fifty years has snored unseen beneath the shelter of his wooden walls, is frantic at the idea that he should be exposed to the vulgar gaze. The young rustic, who has carried on a comfortable flirtation in the corner of the adjacent penfold, regards the curtailment of its lofty proportions as treason against the privileges of love. The selfishness of ownership, the dignity of property, are roused to the combat, and fight energetically against the invasion of their rights. Moreover, the clergyman cannot legally make any alterations at all, without the consent of his churchwardens, who are often the most pig-headed opponents of his reforms. This consent once obtained, he must hasten on the work, lest they should change their mind; nor let him hope for any rate from his vestry to aid him in the execution. If at length he has succeeded in replacing the old boxes by decent seats, there remains the invidious task of assigning to each householder his due share of room. No one must be too far from the pulpit, no one

too near the door; to put a man behind a pillar is to create a mortal enemy. The clergyman who succeeds in triumphing over all these difficulties, without making himself the most unpopular man in his parish, must possess a rare union of tact and courage.* Yet that many such clergymen exist in the Anglican party, is evident from the number of old churches which we see freed from the nuisance of pews, and filled by contented parishioners. It must be acknowledged, however, that every such improvement renders all similar changes in its neighborhood comparatively easy. The advantage of the reformed arrangement is so manifest, that in a short time it is generally acknowledged. The restored church is cited as a model; strangers come to see it; the natives grow proud of it; their neighbors become emulous, and at last allow the example to be imitated with little opposition.

The removal of this and other barbarous innovations may be considered to belong to that work which has fallen peculiarly to the Anglican clergy — the restoration of ancient churches. But the same party has shown equal taste and activity in the building of new ones. To the noble edifices bequeathed us by the Middle Ages, they have added others not unworthy of their prototypes.

But above all, their revival of Church Music deserves honorable mention. Till their epoch, the psalmody of a village church was truly a disgraceful exhibition. A choir, consisting frequently of the most drunken reprobates in the parish, bawled out the "*Han-them*," which they sang in *parts*, that is, in a complicated kind of discord. No other music varied the service, except the singing of a metrical psalm, from which the poetry had been previously extracted by Tate and Brady. The instrumental accompaniment of the performance was the squeaking of a cracked flageolet, and the growling of a base viol. All this is now on the road to amendment. Music is taking its proper place in the public worship. The wretched metrical version of the psalms is superseded by hymns uniting poetry with devotion; and at the same time the more ancient melodies of the Church are restored to their due prominence. It is a vulgar error that the chanting of the psalms, and the appropriate singing of the other mu-

* We lately visited a parish where this kind of reformation was proceeding, amidst a storm of opposition. One farmer was especially furious at the removal of a hideous gallery, which for the last fifty years had blocked up a beautiful window. He declaimed indignantly against the parson's tyranny. "I have heard of them tyrants of Antikitty," said he, "who burnt people because they would n't agree with their notions. And our parson is just as bad — burning our gallery." Another said "It was all Popery. — Were n't them new-fangled narrow pews what they used to call *Monks' cells*?"

sical parts of the service, is a difficult feat of art. On the contrary, the best chants are the simplest kind of music known, consisting of a very few notes perpetually reiterated. A congregation can far more easily learn to join in this kind of psalmody than in ordinary hymn-tunes, which are much more complex. We know village churches where the whole congregation join in the strains of Farrant and Tallis, and the Gregorian tones. And it is found that when the people are thus trained to take an intelligent part in the musical portion of the liturgy, they will not leave their responses in the prayers to the listless articulation of the clerk.

Such are some of the services lately rendered to the Church by the Anglican party. Its modern hagiology is, of course, less copious than that of the Evangelicals, inasmuch as its existence as a resuscitated party has been much shorter. Yet we need not doubt that it will again produce saintly men, as in the times of old. For its creed is the same which nourished the piety of the best Churchman and the best Churchwoman of the seventeenth century; her whose gentle virtues shone amid the pollution of the most corrupt of courts, with the lustre of a pearl upon a dunghill; — and him who is pronounced by an historian not likely to be partial, to have “approached, as near as human infirmity permits, to the ideal perfection of Christian virtue.”* Nor are there wanting living representatives of the practice, as well as the profession, of these ancient worthies. Bishop Selwyn is not undeserving of a place in the same category with Bishop Perry. And among the lay adherents of the Anglican creed are men who might be cited as examples of the purest type of English character, and women worthy to belong to the same sex and country with Margaret Godolphin.

Notwithstanding the merits of this party we have seen that its teaching involves, in some degree, the vague assertion of two principles — Apostolical Succession, and Church Authority. These may, it is true, be made to mean but little; and, veiled in a graceful mist of words, they may become an ornamental and dignified appendage to a system essentially Protestant. But they may also be made the basis instead of the superstructure, and a fabric may be built upon them at which the Anglican stands aghast. In this latter method they were dealt with by those bold essayists who revived, twenty years ago, the theology of Laud. Their earlier and more moderate statements of doctrine found ready acceptance among the clergy, and they speedily were at the head of a large body of adherents. But they pressed recklessly to the front, and soon left the mass of their troops

far behind them. Yet still they hurried on towards the goal of their logical career, and abandoned, one by one, the traditions of the Anglican divinity from which they started. Meanwhile, after they had advanced beyond the High Church camp, they continued for nearly ten years members of the Church of England, and formed a new party, which took from their writings the name of Tractarian. The doctrines of this party are regarded by themselves as necessary developments of the Anglican principles. The foundation of their system is Apostolical Succession, which they hold essential to the being of a true Church. The Bishop duly consecrated is, by virtue of this succession, the representative of the Apostles. The Presbyters on whom he lays his hands, are thereby endowed with supernatural powers, which enable them to change the Eucharistic elements into the body of Christ. They are also mediatorial priesthood, ordained to offer prayers and “unbloody sacrifices” for the people. By their hands, moreover, the Church exercises “a power which places it almost on a level with God himself — the power of forgiving sins by wiping them out in baptism — of transferring souls from hell to heaven.”* The efficacy of both sacraments depends solely on the *opus operatum* of their external acts. Hence these writers deplore the imperfection of the Anglican Communion Service as “a judgment upon the Church,”† because it ascribes no miraculous power to the words of consecration. Again, in the Baptismal Service, the Church requires a profession of faith to be made in the infant’s name, before it is baptized; or (if it has been previously baptized in *articulo mortis*) before it can be received into the Church; thereby testifying that the blessings bestowed are conditional on moral qualifications. Whereas our Romanizing divines teach that the baptismal rite, even if performed in jest, would so change the nature of the child that its post-baptismal sins would be excluded from the benefit of the Atonement. Thus Christianity becomes a system of magical forms and incantations, tending to the exaltation of the sacerdotal office.‡ We are called upon to believe these doctrines upon the infallible authority of the Church. But if we ask where this authority resides, and who is empowered to embody this infallibility, these teachers are more sorely puzzled for an answer than even their Anglican predecessors. And in their attempts to reach a firmer ground,

* Sewall’s Christian Morals, p. 247.

† Tract 90, p. 4.

‡ This object is confessed with unusual candor, by a champion of the party, as follows: — “Until the people shall think thus of these mysteries they will not think of us as it is far more for their benefit than ours that they should always think.” — (*Charge of the Bishop of Exeter, 1842.*)

notwithstanding all their struggles against the force of logic, they are borne down by an irresistible current to the chair of Peter. The foremost of them soon perceived the goal whither they were tending, and at first got over their difficulties by declaring that they acknowledged the authority of the Roman See, and held all Roman doctrine,* and that they could reconcile the English Articles to their Papal creed, by interpreting them in a "non-natural sense." They openly abjured the name of Protestant; they allowed that, if cut off from the Roman Communion, the Church of England must be schismatical; but they maintained that the two Churches were not really separated, and that their mutual excommunication was the result of a misunderstanding which time would clear up. This view, however, was too contrary to common sense to be long defended, even by its inventors. They soon acknowledged their error, and their leader, renouncing forever the Anglican allegiance, passed over the Rubicon, and rushed into the heart of the Italian territory. But not all who advanced to that fatal frontier had courage to cross with Cæsar; the rabble of his army remained shivering on the brink. And now they are taunted by the indignant sarcasms of their former captain, as he adjures them by every principle they hold sacred to come over and help him. He proves that their present position is untenable. He proves that while professing to repudiate all private judgment, they are in fact standing on the point of the loneliest pinnacle which private judgment ever reared.† He overwhelms them with those arguments which proved irresistible to himself; the arguments which forced him to renounce the dreams of ambition and the reality of power, which tore him from his Oxford home and his devoted friends, and drove him into exile among strange scenes and uncongenial men. But he reasons and he appeals in vain. Those on whom he calls have stopped their ears against the voice of the charmer. Their only answer is, "Here we are, and here we will remain."‡

Yet we must not hastily accuse all these waverers of dishonesty. Some of them, there cannot be a doubt, are men who would sacrifice, not their preferment only, but their lives, in

the cause of duty. But they feel that although the logical consequences of their principles thrust them forward, yet there are moral and religious difficulties which raise insuperable obstacles in the path. There are points in the doctrine and practice of the Church of Rome which seem to them irreconcilable with Christian truth. If, only, they could get over these stumbling blocks, gladly would they follow their captain's steps. But till then they remain where Providence has placed them; halting between two opinions as to their own position; and still hoping almost against hope that the Church of England may be a true branch of the Church Catholic. These are the best of the Tractarian party; but they are very few. The bulk of it consists of young and silly partisans, who have joined it more for the sake of amusement and notoriety than for any other reason. They are guiltless of insincerity, in not pushing strong opinions to extreme consequences; for, in fact, they have never formed any opinions at all. They have but learnt by rote a set of phrases for which they shout. If guilty of dishonesty at all, it is only in pretending to decide on theological questions, while conscious that they are destitute of the simplest rudiments of theological knowledge.

The manner of such a pretender is highly characteristic. It is marked by supercilious silliness and fatuous conceit, assumed to hide the depths of his ignorance. It is sometimes difficult to maintain one's gravity, when one hears such a neophyte affecting the tone of a *Doctor Seraphicus*, and volubly pouring forth theological polysyllables which he would be sorely puzzled to render into English. One is tempted to remind him how few years have passed since he was nearly plucked for his degree, and to ask how long it is since he has acquired the power of construing the Greek Testament, wherein he was then so wofully deficient.

To describe the costume, the phraseology, and the ritual of this party would be a waste of time. Their peculiarities have been made familiar to all by the pen and the pencil of innumerable satirists. Who does not recognize, when he meets them in the railway or the street, the clipped shirt-collar, the stiff and tie-less neckcloth, the M. B.* coat and cassock waistcoat, the cropped hair and unwhiskered cheek! Who does not know that the wearer of this costume will talk of "the Holy Altar," and "the Blessed Virgin," of "Saint Ignatius Loyola," and "Saint Alphonso de Liguori!" and that he will date his letters on "the eve of St. Chad," or "the

* These were the published words of Mr. Ward and Mr. Oakley, some time before they left the Church of England.

† See the Oratorian Lectures of Father Newman, on *Anglican difficulties*, delivered in London in 1850.

‡ It must be remembered that we are speaking of those who still adhered to the Tractarian opinions after Mr. Newman's secession. But many of his followers, frightened by his desertion, fled back in the opposite direction, and intrenched themselves in the Anglican fortresses which they had abandoned. These are now distinguished among the Anglican party by the bitterness of their hostility to the Church of Rome.

* Every one knows how this name was accidentally disclosed to a Tractarian customer by a tailor's orders to his foreman; and how the artist was forced reluctantly to confess that it was an abbreviation for "Mark of the Beast."

Morrow of Saint Martin!"* Who has not seen the youthful Presbyter bowing to the altar, and turning his back on the people! Who has not heard him intoning the prayers, and preaching in his surplice on the "holy obedience" due from laity to priesthood! Who is ignorant that he reads the offertory after his sermon, and sends round little bags at the end of long poles, which are thrust in the faces of the worshippers to extort their contributions! Who has not noticed the gaudy furniture of his Church, the tippeted altar, the candles blazing at noon-day, the wreaths of flowers changing their color with feast or fast, the mediæval emblems embroidered on the altar-cloth! After all, these are but harmless fopperies, only mischievous if they stir up the wrath of the people. But the Tractarian mode of celebrating the Communion deserves graver censure. In the first place, continual bowings and genuflexions are introduced, without the authority either of rubric or custom. Secondly, the elements are placed, before consecration, upon a peculiar piece of furniture, a side-board, called a *prothesis* or *credence table*, though the use of this has been adjudged by the highest Ecclesiastical Court to be positively illegal.† Thirdly, in the reception of the consecrated bread, a novel usage is adopted, which has excited scandal, and even caused disturbance, in the administration of the eucharist.‡

* Some of the party have even rebaptized the days of the week, as appears from the following advertisement in "the English Churchman." "WHAT IS THE GOSPEL? NOT PROTESTANTISM BUT THE PRAYER-BOOK. This work will be brought out regularly at F. Gilmore's, High Street, Sarum, every Ascension Day (heathenishly called Thursday), and will be in the hands of the London and Oxford Booksellers every Passion Day, dedicated idolatrously by all Protestants to the Heathen Goddess Friga."

† See the judgment of Sir H. J. Fust on the Stone Altar case. The contempt shown by the Tractarians for this judgment is the more remarkable, because they profess such reverence for the same judge's decision on the Gorham case. The number of churches now possessing *credence tables* is considerable enough to make the manufacture of *credence cloths* a regular branch of trade, as appears from the advertisements in the "Guardian." See "Guardian," Feb. 9, 1853.

‡ The palm of the hand is held in a peculiar posture, that the bread may be dropped into it. This practice caused a disturbance lately at one of our fashionable watering-places. A Low Church Incumbent was administering the communion, when a young Tractarian, conspicuously arrayed in the costume of his sect, knelt before the rails. Suddenly the congregation was started by the voice of the Incumbent repeating the words of administration, "Take this," in an emphatic tone. On looking up they beheld the recipient with his palm held in the above-mentioned attitude, but not extended in the usual manner to "take" the bread from the minister. Six times did the officiator repeat the admonition, each time louder than before; but still the recipient obstinately persisted in his passive attitude.

Still more perilous to the peace of the Church is the attempt recently made by some Tractarian clergy to innovate upon the burial service. Under pretence of a rigid adherence to the Rubric, they have insisted on pausing in their office, after the coffin is lowered, till the whole grave is filled up. Meantime the mourning relatives (including, perhaps, sickly women) are compelled to stand shivering in the rain or snow; while the solemn impressions made by the majestic pathos of the service are effaced by anger, and tears of grief changed into tears of rage. The disregard thus shown for human sorrow makes this an instance of heartless folly, almost inconceivable in our tender-hearted age. Yet the refusal of the same party to bury those who have been baptized by dissenters, shows a similar triumph of bigotry over compassion. There might be some excuse for this, if one could believe that it arose from a conscientious obedience to the Rubric. But that is impossible; for the very men who affect this scrupulosity, are themselves daily violators of the most precise directions of the Rubric. If there be one rubrical enactment more important than another, it is that which prescribes the *daily* celebration of Morning and Evening Prayer in every Church. Yet this is not obeyed by one Tractarian out of twenty. We entirely sympathize with the answer given by a well-known Bishop to a Romanizing clergyman, who wished for permission to preach in his surplice, and pleaded that his conscience, bound as it was to rubricality, forbade his officiating in his gown. "Of course, then," said the prelate, "as you are so scrupulous in your obedience, you celebrate Morning and Evening Service daily!" The clergyman confessed that he did not; it would encroach upon his other duties, and so forth. "Then I really think, sir," replied the diocesan, "that in future the less you say of your rubrical conscience the better."

This inconsistency is felt by some who yet are unwilling to impose upon themselves the burden entailed by their principles. They wish to have daily service, but do not wish to perform it. We find an advertisement from one such incumbent who appeals to the public to help him in raising "a fund to maintain the services of a Curate to perform daily service;" and tells us that he would gratefully accept aid from "any pious Christian who feels disposed to assist in such a work."* The following ex-

At length the Incumbent passed on, desiring his Curate not to give the cup to the recusant. It is hard to say, in such a case, which of the two parties was guilty of the greater profaneness; the one who suffered the solemnity of the most sacred rite to be violated, rather than give up a silly custom; or the other, who took notice of such a folly at such a time, and punished it by virtual excommunication.

* Guardian, Sept. 8, 1852.

hibits a similar mode of dealing with such embarrassments : — “ *The Incumbent and Deacon of a poor district on the S. W. coast, who are endeavoring to bear witness to the truth of Catholic principles, amid opposition of the most decided character from those by whom they are surrounded, venture to hope that some CATHOLIC PRIEST, blessed with independent means, will come and help them for a few years, in their attempt to set the Church fully and fairly before the people. MONEY IS URGENTLY NEEDED for the expense of the Choir, &c.* ”*

The Tractarian, whose conscience allows him to dispense with daily service, is not much troubled with his spiritual duties during the week. He sets his face against most modern plans of parochial benevolence as Protestant inventions. He does not patronize the secular education of the poor; for nothing would induce him to take so Erastian a step as to put his school under government inspection; which is (generally speaking) the only way to make it efficient. He doubts the propriety of pastoral visits to his poor parishioners, unless they are sick; because the Church has appointed no special office for that purpose. He is willing, however, to attend a death-bed when summoned; and he sometimes gives special dignity to such an errand, by marching through the village in his surplice. Moreover he has, perhaps, a few female penitents, who come to him occasionally for auricular confession. But these employments do not take much of his time. His principal energies are devoted to the task of opposing “Puritanism.” And as he knows that a practical protest against error is always the most effectual, he may display his repugnance to Puritanic heresy by attendances at balls and races. In fact, the frequentation of these amusements may seem as essential a part of the one creed, as their renunciation is of the other.

But ball-going and race-frequenting, though the most effectual, are not the only modes in which the Tractarian clergy combat heterodoxy. They also amuse themselves with a chronic agitation, which has for its object the safety of the Church. The quintessence of this agitating spirit is concentrated in the “Church Unions.” These are clerical associations (including sometimes a few laymen), which meet together at intervals, usually once a month, to make speeches and pass resolutions concerning things in general, and their own neighborhoods in particular. Besides these periodical debates, there are other occasional opportunities for indulging in the luxury of ecclesiastical warfare. We have lately seen the obsolete form of choosing Proctors for Convocation galvanized into unexpected life, to give such partisans the excitement of an electioneering intrigue. Then there is

sometimes a petition to be got up against government education; sometimes a protest to be circulated against the Judicial Committee; sometimes a *mandamus* to be sued out, forbidding the consecration of an heterodox prelate; and if nothing else be stirring, an address against that great fount of heresy, the Archbishop of Canterbury, will fill up the vacant time.

The noise made by all this astonishes those who know how few are the makers of it. Provincial newspapers are always ready to print the proceedings of any local meeting, without too close a scrutiny into the attendance. There are also several London journals willing to fill their columns with accounts of any demonstration which seems to support the party that they advocate. In this multiplying mirror, the image of a single Tractarian is transformed into an assembly of divines; and a little knot of ambitious curates pass themselves off on the dazzled public as the leaders of ecclesiastical opinion.* It has been said that parties, like snakes, “are guided by their tail, not by their head.” But perhaps it would be truer to say that the wagging of the tail is thought to indicate a motion of the more important members when they are really quiescent. In the instance before us, this mistake is fostered by the circumstance that the journals generally supposed to represent the High Church party, really represent its extreme section only. This, indeed, is equally the case on the Low Church side. For quiet and moderate men (whatever be their party) will seldom tear themselves from their daily duties to get up newspapers, to agitate against agitators, or to protest against protesters. Thus the High Churchman laments the violence of his “Chronicle” or his “Guardian,” and the Evangelical groans over the absurdities of his “Record.” But finding no other paper free from similar faults, they continue grumblingly to take in the offending prints.

The agitation we have described cannot exist without involving much insubordination. Accordingly, the party which began with the watchwords of order and obedience, is now the most disorderly and disobedient in the Church. Every clergyman is pledged, not merely by acts of Parliament, but by Articles, by Canons, and by repeated Oaths, to acknowledge the Royal Supremacy in Ecclesiastical Causes. Yet we have lately seen the decision of the Queen in Council openly repudiated, with a formal publicity which exposed the guilty parties to the penalties of a *premunire*. But it may be said that the Supremacy,

* In one case, a “Church Union” consisted for some time of a clergyman, his curate, his churchwarden, and his schoolmaster; and the resolutions and proceedings of this important body regularly filled several columns of the “English Churchman.”

* Guardian, Nov. 24, 1852.

though an Anglican, is not a catholic doctrine; and that a "catholic mind" acknowledges subordination to the divinely appointed governors of the Church, not to the earthly rulers of the State. Such is, indeed, the profession of the Tractarian party. "The Bishops," they tell us, "are the living representatives of Christ;" and again, "Whatever we ought to do, had we lived when the Apostles were alive, the same ought we to do for the Bishops. He that despiseth them despiseth the Apostles."* But, alas, these guides are only divine and apostolic so long as they side with their professed worshippers. If they venture to decide against them, they instantly become not merely fallible but heretical. Out of the whole body of English Bishops, two only are now considered sound in Tractarian faith. And the scorn expressed even for their collective decisions, may be seen in the contemptuous denunciations hurled by these champions of Ecclesiastical Order against the Episcopal Monition to the Clergy, which was signed in 1851 by twenty-four out of the twenty-eight Bishops on the bench. The party seems, in fact, to take a schoolboyish pleasure in showing the annihilation of Episcopal power, and the unlimited license of disobedience practically possessed by the clergy. Greenwood and Penry were hanged by Whitgift, Leighton was whipped and mutilated by Laud, for the use of language against bishops mild in comparison with that which every pamphleteering curate now uses with impunity. We were especially edified by one pamphlet which was published by a rustic pastor soon after the Gorham Judgment. The worthy man (who was Vicar of Puddleton Parva in the county of Wilts†) informed the Archbishop, in all sober sadness, that whensoever he, the said Archbishop, should present himself as a communicant at the altar of Puddleton, he should be repelled therefrom. Imagine the vindictive satisfaction with which Archbishop Laud would have received such a document! and how pleasantly he would have noted in his diary, a few weeks afterwards, the results of its publication upon the ears, nose, back, and cheeks of the author!‡

But if the primate, by "voluntary betrayal of his most sacred trust"§ has deserved such treatment from the faithful, at least the Bishop of London, we might hope, must command their grateful deference. He favored not the heterodoxy of Gorham; nay, he stood

alone among his brethren of the Privy Council in resisting the Institution of that obstinate heretic. And, at the time, he was glorified by the members of the sect as the pillar of orthodoxy. But this was when he gave a judgment in their favor; since then he has ventured to decide against them; and now he too is a mark for the scoffs of the "Chronicle," and the more polished sarcasms of the "Guardian." His fall is connected with a controversy which was brought before Parliament three years ago. It will perhaps be remembered that Lord Palmerston, when Foreign Secretary, displaced the Chaplain at Madeira. The Bishop of London, however, did not think the faults committed deserved so severe a punishment, and refused to withdraw the Chaplain's Episcopal license. The ejected clergyman continued to minister to a section of the British residents, and the new chaplain was denounced by the seceding party as the worst of heretics. No sooner was he landed than his predecessor put into his hands a solemn protest. In this document (which, with its Appendix, fills up thirty pages of the Parliamentary Blue Book* containing an account of these transactions) the chaplain is informed that his "assumption of the office *without license from the Bishop* is a schismatical and unlawful act."† His congregation are warned that if they attend his ministrations they will "become partakers in the sins of disobedience and schism;"‡ and innumerable quotations are gathered from old fathers and modern divines, to enforce the Ignatian maxim that "*the obeying of the Bishop is the necessary condition of Christian communions, and he that does not obey the Bishop is worse than an infidel.*"§ Who would have supposed that the very man who wrote this protest, and his followers who applauded it, would within three years be themselves defying the authority of the self-same Bishop? Yet so it was. The extravagance of their conduct induced the Bishop to withdraw his countenance. At once obedience was changed into rebellion. The priest who had just stigmatized unlicensed ministration as worse than infidelity, himself continued to officiate for many months after his license was cancelled. When he left the island, the extreme section of his partisans went yet further. For the Bishop having, in the mean while, given a license to the Government Chaplain, they refused to acknowledge its validity, on the ground that it was granted to a notorious schismatic. And when the Bishop desired them to recognize his nominee, "as the only clergyman acting there under

* Tract No. 10.

† From a desire not to expose country clergymen to unnecessary ridicule, we suppress the name of this Wiltshire Vicar, and alter that of his parish.

‡ See Laud's detailed account (in his diary) of the execution of Leighton's sentence (Rushworth's Collections, vol. ii., p. 57).

§ Pastoral of the Bishop of Exeter, p. 12.

* Correspondence respecting the British Chaplaincy in Madeira, printed by order of the House of Lords, 1849.

† Above-mentioned Blue Book, p. 146.

‡ Ibid.

§ Ibid., p. 186.

Episcopal authority,"* they replied by new citations from the Fathers, directing the faithful to resist heretical bishops, and opened a church on independent principles.†

All this insubordination is defended by the Tractarian party on the ground of a higher allegiance. "The Church of their baptism" is in danger, and they must defend it even against the successors of the Apostles. But here they are assailed by their Romish friends with the question, how they can venture, on their private judgment, to pronounce a successor of the Apostles guilty of heresy? Confounded by this difficulty, many of them are driven to renounce Church, baptism, and all. Some, indeed, have contrived to renounce their baptism without quitting their Church, which is stranger still. One of their leaders, in a work which he has lately published upon the Greek Church, openly avows that on the 24th of July, 1851, he presented a document to the Patriarch of Constantinople, wherein he stated that, "finding himself oppressed within the Anglican pale by a majority of heterodox, careless, or weak members," he "was desirous of obtaining admission into the orthodox communion;" and that, to this end, he "was willing to own the defective character of his former baptism, and to submit to conditional immersion."‡ The clergyman who thus proposed to renounce his baptism still retains his fellowship; and the Tractarian organ mentions his conduct without a word of censure.

The party whose salient features we have thus attempted to sketch, is (as we have intimated) more noisy than numerous. Its chief *habitats* in England are the two southwestern dioceses; and we often find in the advertisements for curacies in the "Guardian," a proviso that the appointment must be in Exeter, or Bath and Wells. Another favored haunt of the sect is among the Episcopalian Non-conformists of Scotland. These descendants of the Non-jurors, whose worship was, within living memory, subjected to the penalties of the law, still retain the spirit and temper, as well as the liturgy, of Laud. Their bishops are elected solely by the clergy, and the clergy of each diocese average from ten to twenty in number.§ It is natural that these

functionaries should make up for their want of temporal importance by exalting their spiritual dignity. Their communion affords a refuge to those who, though disgusted with the Protestantism of the Church of England, cannot quite resolve to join the Church of Rome.* Several of these seceders have been elected to Scotch "Bishoprics," and amuse themselves harmlessly with playing at prelacy. For here they can lord it safely over their tiny flocks, and can wield the power of the keys without setting the country in a flame. We rejoice, however, that they have lately been restrained from publishing their excommunications against those who differ from them, by the decision of the Courts of Law, that such publication is libellous.†

Tractarianism also flourishes in some of our colonies, where members of the party have been sent out as Bishops. We have already expressed our hearty sympathy with the establishment of a colonial episcopate; and we therefore can more freely lament the mistakes made in some of the appointments towards the close of Archbishop Howley's life. The government very properly consulted the Archbishop on these nominations (the endowments having been subscribed by members of the Church), and the Archbishop having latterly fallen under the guidance of a small clique of Romanizing clergy, several bishoprics were given to their partisans. Thus we find it stated in a protest of some clergymen at Cape Town, that six out of every seven clergy in that diocese are High Churchmen.‡ The "Guardian" applauds the Bishop for having reduced the Low Church to this insignificant minority. We own that to us such a victory shows neither the gentleness of the dove, nor the wisdom of the serpent. We were reminded by it that the same Bishop, on his way to his own see, invaded a foreign island, and there publicly pronounced the British chaplain appointed by her majesty, a "schismatic," and the Consular Chapel a "schismatical place worship."§ We trembled for the Church, when we found that this prelate had arrived in England to claim a seat in Convocation. Had his claim been conceded,

were brought to the poll, 8 on one side and 8 on the other, and the successful candidate, Mr. Wordsworth, was so far from affecting the *nobis episcopari* that he gave a casting vote for himself. It is but justice to say that he deserved a much higher honor than that thus obtained, being a man of real learning, and one who has done much for the cause of Christian education.

* We find from the official accounts that half the clergy now officiating as Episcopalian Non-conformists in Scotland were ordained in the English Church.

† In the case of Sir W. Dunbar v. the Titular Bishop of Aberdeen.

‡ Guardian, Dec. 29, 1852.

§ See the Parliamentary Blue Book on Madeira, pp. 142 and 204.

* Letter of the Bishop of London, September 1, 1852 (quoted from the "Guardian").

† "I have reopened our church," says their minister, "falling back upon the general mission possessed by every priest for acting in special emergencies." (*Guardian*, Dec. 29, 1852.)

‡ Quoted by the "Guardian" (March 2, 1853), from a work on the Orthodox Greek Church by Mr. Palmer, Fellow of Magdalen College, Oxford. What would the Fellows of Magdalen of 1688 have thought of their modern successor?

§ The three smallest Scotch "Dioceses" contained in 1852 only 13 clergy apiece. The other day there was a fierce contest for the election of "the Bishop of St. Andrews." Sixteen clergy

we suppose that the more ambitious Colonial Bishops would have resided permanently in the metropolis, and appointed deputies to perform their diocesan duties. As it is, some of them seem to spend half their time here, and we never see an account of any public festivity during the London season, without finding three or four of these *Episcopi minorum gentium* among the company. Xavier never returned from India, to play the courtier at Madrid; and, unless our colonial bishoprics be given to men of Xavier's spirit, they have been created in vain.

The Tractarians are essentially a clerical party, and have but few lay retainers. Nor have they sufficient wealth and influence to attract so large a body of trading members as the Recordites. Still these followers of worthy Master Byends are not altogether wanting in the advertising columns of the Tractarian press. Pedagogues and school-mistresses make, as before, the principal figure. There we find several "establishments" where "the pupils have the great advantage of attending the morning and evening prayers of the Church;" and we are invited to send our sons to receive a "CLASSICAL AND ANGLO-CATHOLIC EDUCATION," where "a limited number of pupils are received," and where, "N. B. The Daily Service will be used." Nor can we hesitate to place our daughters under the shadow of Episcopal protection in "St. Margaret's College, Crief, Perthshire, for the education of young ladies. VISITOR, the Bishop of St. Andrews. . . . DANCING, Madame Apolline Zuingle."† Besides this class of advertisers, there are a few Tractarian tailors, who proclaim the merit of their clerical frock-coats and cassock waistcoats; several High-Church harberdashers, who supply *offertory bags*, and clothe the altar and the credence-table with mediæval millinery; and one undertaker, who professes (*mirabile dictu*) to make *Anglo-Catholic coffins*! But the most formidable tradesman of the party we have ever encountered was a polemical dentist, into whose hands it was once our unhappy lot to fall. We were ignorant of his ecclesiastical politics, and made an incautious reply to his first question, wherein he pressed for our opinion on the character of the primate. Bitterly did we repent our folly. Plunging his bradawl (or whatever that horrid instrument is called) right into the nerve of the tooth which he was stopping, he sternly corrected our heterodoxy, and consigned the Archbishop to the company of Judas. We instantly assented, tried to retract our previous blunder, gave up the metropolitan as his doom, and inwardly acknowledged that martyrdom was not our vocation. But it was too late. Our

jaw was ruthlessly seized, and speech was thenceforth impossible. During the succeeding hour, "stretched on the rack of a too easy chair," we listened to a lecture on the Gorham controversy, while every point of the discourse was emphasized by an excruciating poke into the living heart of the tooth. Vain were our attempts at recantation, vain our shrieks of agony. The merciless operator continued to storm against heresy, and stab against the nerve, till he thought he had punished us sufficiently. At last we were allowed to rise, with aching jaws, better qualified to appreciate the logic of Torquemada, and vowing that we had rather spend an hour even under a Recordite expounder than under a Romanizing dentist.

Such proselytes, however, are very rare among the middle and lower classes. Indeed, the chief mischief done by the Tractarians is that they alienate these classes from the Establishment. The accession of a Tractarian rector is always followed by the overcrowding of old conventicles, and the erection of new ones. Not long ago, a worthy yeoman told us that he had been consulted by the farmers of a neighboring parish on a knotty ecclesiastical question. They had resolved, they said, to build a meeting-house of their own, because their parson was a Papist. But they had not decided on the sect to which they should adhere, and came to ask their friend, who was a great authority among them, for his advice to guide their choice. At first he exhorted them to continue their attendance at Church, and wait for better times. But finding that he could not prevail, he finally recommended them to erect a Wesleyan Chapel. "I thought, sir," said he, "as they would have a meeting-house, that the *Methodies* was the nearest to the Church." The clergyman who has thus succeeded in driving half his hearers into Dissent, seems often rather pleased than otherwise at his achievement. He congratulates himself that he has winnowed the corn, and fairly separated the chaff from the wheat. "I have only twenty people now who come to Church," said a country rector—"but they are all sound churchmen." Moreover, such a priest feels his labors lessened by the desertion, as he is not bound to take any charge of his schismatical parishioners, and gives himself no farther trouble about them, except that of crossing himself and spitting on the ground when he passes the Zion or Bethesda where they assemble.*

* A clergyman of this party was walking with a friend through a great manufacturing town. As they passed a large and ugly building, "How frightful," said his friend, "that St. Matthew's Church is!" "Church!" exclaimed the other. "Is it a Church? I always took it for a dissent-

* From the English Churchman.

† Guardian, July, 1852.

This exaggerated manifestation of High Church principles, mischievous though it be, is less disgusting than the stagnant form of the same party, which was so widely diffused in the good old days of Eldonian Toryism. Its adherents, always indolent and ignorant, were once politically formidable by their numbers and their wealth. Now they are fallen from their high estate, and are contemptuously denominated the "High and Dry;" just as the parallel development of the Low Church is nicknamed "Low and Slow." There is so much analogy between these two fraternities, that it is best to consider them together. Their professed doctrines, indeed, are dissimilar, but these are only accidentally adopted, and make no essential distinction. In sluggish mediocrity, in hatred of zeal, in dread of innovation, in abuse of Dissent, they are in perfect harmony. The blundering and languid utterance, the want of life and fire in their style, the absence of anything in look, voice, or manner, which could touch the heart of their hearers, characterizes both alike. If they write their own sermons, it is "with drops of opium upon leaves of lead;" and such is the narcotic effect of these discourses that the most attentive listener can hardly retain his consciousness long enough to discover whether the preacher is to be classed among the "Dry" or the "Slow." Indeed, a sermon of either class might often be turned into one of the other, by simply substituting "Church" for "Gospel," or *vice versâ*, throughout the soporific pages. The only difference is, that the minister of the "Slow" school, if he has a town congregation, sometimes soars into heights of rhetoric never attempted by his drier brethren. In such a case we can easily detect the use which the preacher has made of his *Dictionary of Similes* and his *Vocabulary of Synonymes*. Perhaps there may be more of doctrine in the "Slow" discourse, more of ethics in the "Dry." Yet, from such lips, truths the most awful and awakening fall flat and dead, and precepts of the purest morality become drowsy commonplace. But happily many of these worthies are wise enough to eschew original composition altogether. We find that both sections are provided with the means of escaping this laborious task, and yet deceiving the eyes of their congregation. The terms on which the "High and Dry" are supplied, appear from the following monthly notice in the "Guardian:" "TO THE CLERGY EXCLUSIVELY, whose parochial labors, &c., preclude

the possibility of composition. The four plain practical sermons for February printed in MANUSCRIPT LITHOGRAPHY (very legible), will be ready for delivery on January 21. Price of each set of four sermons 8s. The services of a clergyman of great experience and unquestionable soundness and moderation have been engaged to write these sermons for the publisher."* To the "Low and Slow" clergy, on the other hand, a similar announcement is made in the columns of the "Record:" "IMPORTANT TO CLERGYMEN. A few sets of Dr. Trusler's *fac simile manuscript sermons* may still be procured at the low price of half a guinea for the set of a hundred sermons."† This is cheap indeed! Why should the "Dry" be charged 2s. a sermon, when their brethren are thus provided with twenty for the same sum? We cannot think that any difference in the value of the article can account for this enormous disparity in the price. Probably Dr. Trusler's manuscript is not so "very legible" as his rival's, and the typographical superiority may explain the pecuniary disproportion.

The performance of service by these two cognate schools is still more alike than their style of preaching. Slothful negligence and unfeeling stupidity is the pervading character of all their ministrations. The Church furniture is shabby, the music bad, the prayers mumbled, and the lessons mouthed.‡ Even in our cathedrals themselves, where perfect architecture, venerable associations, and all appliances for vocal and instrumental harmony, would seem to insure to our Liturgy its fullest devotional effect, it is sometimes turned into burlesque by the slovenly irreverence of such performers. As an example, we will mention a scene which occurred in one of these Diocesan Churches, where the Prebendaries are bound to attend daily prayers for twenty-one days continuously in every year; the rule being that if a Prebendary misses a single service, he must begin his twenty-one days over again. One day an old Prebendary (high, dry, and gouty) came limping into his stall a minute after the service had begun. The Dean immediately turned to him and exclaimed, "You must begin, again sir." "Do you hear, sir, what the Dean says to you?" shouted the Prebendary

* Guardian, Jan. 1853.

† Record, Nov. 11, 1852.

‡ Many clergy of both these schools misplace all the aspirates, and some, in reading the Lessons, adopt the rule of emphasizing all the words printed in italics, which are really the least emphatic, being those supplied by the translators to complete the sense. We have ourselves heard a clergyman of the "Low and Slow" school produce an effect irresistibly comic by applying this principle in reading the following verse, "The Prophet spake unto his sons, saying, saddle me the ass And they saddled HIM."

ing chapel, and treated it as such. I hope I may be pardoned." "What do you mean," inquired his friend, "by treating it as such?" "Why," replied the first, "whenever I pass a Dissenting chapel, I cross myself, spit upon the ground, and say, *Get thee behind me, Satan*." It is fair to mention, however, that this gentleman has since joined the Church of Rome.

to the intoning Minor Canon — "he tells you to begin the service again." The inferior officer humbly obeyed, and complete victory crowned the prebendal stratagem.

The two stagnant parties both agree in dislike of excitement and love for a quiet life. The "Slow" school, however, being generally quartered in the towns, and maintained in some measure by pew rents, have no dislike to a crowded audience; on the contrary, they sigh bitterly over the vacant seats which too faithfully reflect the vacancy of their discourses. The "High and Dry," on the other hand, being usually possessed of permanent endowments, have a positive abhorrence of a throng. One of this party, an old Fellow of Queen's College, Cambridge (now dead), held a living in the town. During his absence in a long vacation, he employed a deputy, who unexpectedly turned out a popular preacher. The whole aspect of the church was soon altered. From the emptiest church in Cambridge it became the fullest, and even in the passages standing room was hard to find. News of the metamorphosis reached the old incumbent in his country retreat, and he was at first a great deal decomposed. But after a few moments of meditation, he exclaimed, "Filled my church, has he? never mind, I'll undertake to empty it in a fortnight." We need not add, that the prediction was literally accomplished.

In their parochial administration it is quite impossible to distinguish the representatives of one form of stagnation from those of the other. Both are equally negligent of their duties; both equally tenacious of their emoluments. When the Royal Commission was appointed, in 1849, for the subdivision of large parishes, one of the first letters which they received was from the incumbent of an enormous parish with a population of many thousands under his charge. The Commissioners expected that it would contain an appeal for their assistance in the object which must be next his heart, an increased provision for the spiritual destitution of his flock. But the writer was of the "High and Dry" school; and his letter was an urgent representation of the danger that loss of fees might result to the incumbent by the subdivision of Ecclesiastical districts. Subsequently the object of the Commission was explained to this worthy pastor, and he was urged to consider the importance of providing at least one clergyman to every five or six thousand souls. His reply was candid: — "They may do what they like with the souls, provided they leave us the fees."

The main difference between these two species of drones is a difference of wealth and position. As a general rule, the "High and Dry" are rich, the "Low and Slow" are poor. Both disgust us, but the former excite

our indignation, the latter our pity. The former, however, are a class still indeed too numerous, but rapidly dying out; the latter, though comparatively few at present, are rapidly increasing. To them belong the uninteresting ministers who fill so many of the livings recently created; the incumbents of new districts, with large population and small endowment. Poor as their preferment is, it is a temptation to the idle sons of ambitious shopkeepers, who enter the clerical profession to raise themselves in society, but whose training is not such as to raise them in moral or intellectual rank. It is to be feared, indeed, that so long as the process of multiplying poor incumbencies goes on (essential as it is to the very existence of the Church), without a corresponding improvement in clerical education, it must result in lowering the standard of the profession both in mind and manners, and assimilating it to that which now characterizes the peasant clergy of Wales and Cumberland.

On the other hand, the most conspicuous among the "High and Dry" men are the relatives or favorites of prelates long defunct, who flourished in those easy-going days when pluralities were not yet forbidden, nor sinecures abolished. Their youth was not fed with dreams of Catholic ideals, but inspired with more substantial visions of the comforts of an "establishment;"

Wherein are various ranks, and due degrees;
The Bench for honor, and the Stall for ease.

Their fortune was often made for them before they left the nursery. No sooner had they quitted college, than they became dignitaries of the Church. Prebends, rectories, and archdeaconries seemed to have been created that these children of the purple might take their ease, eat, drink, and be merry. Nor was public opinion then shocked by such nepotism. But that generation has passed away; and only a few relics of its abuses linger in the pages of the Clergy List, to point the moral of the Church reformer, or adorn the tale of the demagogue. We could almost pity the last survivors of that well-fed race, who are left bloated with pluralities and gorged with sinecures to endure the indignant scoffs of a reforming age. They were but ordinary specimens of their breed, but their brethren have been swept away by the receding tide, and they lie stranded on the shore. By this perversity of fate they are doomed to gasp out their latest breath under the harpoons of a crowd of satirists. "*Hæc data pœna, diu viventibus!*"

These, however, never formed the bulk of their party, although they were its natural chiefs. Its main body consisted of country parsons, with fat rectories and fatter heads, whose numbers have been thinned down by

the advance of intelligence, and the increase of religious feeling in the class from which they spring. Though never a theological party, they once formed a strong and rampant faction. But now their day is over; though still individually numerous, they have no collective objects, and have almost ceased to influence the course of ecclesiastical politics.

Side by side with these various shades of High and Low Church, another party of a different character has always existed in the Church of England. It is called by different names: Moderate, Catholic, or Broad Church, by its friends; Latitudinarian or Indifferent by its enemies. Its distinctive character is the desire of comprehension. Its watchwords are Charity and Toleration. Its adherents love the Church of England for that very peculiarity which has most provoked the criticism of her detractors. She is reproached by Rome with Puritanism, by Geneva with Popery. Nay, some among her children lament that she has given too much color to such reproaches. The Tractarian complains that she teaches "with the stammering lips of ambiguous formularies";* that she tolerates heterodoxy, and has no thunders for the Calvinist or the Erastian. The Recordite, on the other side, owns with a sigh that her Baptismal Service is calculated to mislead, and her Catechism hard to reconcile with Scripture. Her Catholic sons, on the contrary, consider this balanced and compromising character as among her greatest claims to their admiration. If they wish for any change, it is only that the same principle should be pushed still further. For they believe that the superficial differences between Christians are as nothing in comparison with their essential agreement; and they are willing that the portals of the Church should be flung as widely open as the gates of heaven.

The doctrines taught by this party are the same in which both High and Low Church are agreed. The Incarnation and the Atonement, conversion by Grace, and justification by Faith, are fundamental articles of their creed. They only differ from their brethren in believing that these doctrines have virtually been held by all Christians in every age; by Loyola and Xavier, not less truly though less clearly than by Latimer and Ridley. Yet, though thus willing to own the Romanists as brethren, they are sincere and even fervent Protestants. But they conceive the essence of Popery to consist not in points of metaphysical theology, but in the ascription of magic virtue to outward acts; and against this idolatrous superstition they protest, whether it manifests itself in the Puritan or

the Papist. Their other tenets may be generally described by saying that they embrace the positive and reject the negative side of the Anglican and the Evangelical systems. They join both in their exhortations, neither in their excommunications. With the Low Church, they teach that Scripture is the only rule of faith; but hence they deduce a conclusion which many Low Churchmen would repudiate, that all who believe the Scripture are members of the household of faith. With the High Church, they affirm the doctrine of Judgment by Works; and thence infer that salvation depends not upon the ritual but the life; that the fruits of the Spirit are the sole criterion of the Spirit's presence. A characteristic feature of their theology is the prominence which it gives to the idea of the *Visible Church*; an idea ignored in the teaching of the Evangelicals, and excluded from the creed of the Recordites. On this point the views of the Broad Party approach those of the High Churchmen; from which they differ principally in not restricting the universal commonwealth to any single form of outward government. They hold the Church to be a society divinely instituted for the purpose of manifesting God's presence, and bearing witness to his attributes, by their reflection in its ordinances and in its members. If its ideal were fully embodied in its actual constitution, "it would remind us daily of God, and work upon the habits of our life as insensibly as the air we breathe."* For this end it should revive many good practices which save even a corrupt Church from utter putrefaction; such as "daily services, frequent communions, memorials of our Christian calling presented to our notice in crosses and wayside oratories; commemorations to holy men of all times and countries; religious orders, especially of women, of different kinds and under different rules, delivered only from the snare and sin of perpetual vows."† By these and other means they believe that it was designed, and that it is still destined, to realize the idea of Christian Brotherhood, and to be the true sign from Heaven for the conversion of the world.

This doctrine has not been to its votaries an idle dream. The writer who dwelt on it most fondly, and advocated it most earnestly, exemplified his theory with no insignificant results, though on a miniature scale. In his government of the public school committed to his care, he worked upon the model of that Christian commonwealth which was never absent from his imagination. The great reform wrought in the education of the upper ranks, with its many far-reaching consequences, is

* Tract No. 90. (1st ed.)

* Arnold's Sermons, vol. iv., p. 307.

† Ibid., Introduction, p. 56.

ascribed by all parties to his efforts, and has been in no small measure accomplished by his disciples. The same views and feelings stimulate the exertions of those who are seeking to revive a true ecclesiastical government, and to reanimate the Church, by giving back those functions to her members which are now usurped by her ministers. Men who see in such a revival the best hope of Christianizing her people, are eager to seize upon every feature of her actual constitution which favors their objects; to restore the order of deacons; to give modern duties to cathedral chapters; and, generally, to breathe new life into all dead forms which are susceptible of adaptation to the wants of a living world.

But these wider schemes and aspirations do not lead them to neglect the work which they can already do with the actual means within their reach. The parochial clergy of this school look upon their essential function to be not merely "to preach the Gospel," or "set forth the ordinances of the Church"—but to promote the highest good of every person under their charge. With this object before them, they consider their labors in the pulpit as but a small part of their office. Everything which can tend to the moral progress of their flock is comprised in the circle of their duties. The great advance which has been lately made in the secular instruction of the poor is almost wholly due to this party in the Church. One of its members* was the first to show, both by precept and example, the kind of teaching really required by the people. He proved, by his own success, that the children of an ordinary parochial school may be taught not merely to say by rote, but to understand and apply, the elements of natural science and of geometry. And he solved a still more difficult problem, by rendering such a school self-supporting. His books are now the manuals of every well-trained schoolmaster, and his methods are adopted in all well-managed schools.

Again, we owe to this party the most successful efforts which have been made to reclaim the artisans of the metropolis from the infidelity in which they are so generally sunk. Mr. Maurice has set the example of dealing with this difficulty in a frank and manly spirit, making himself the sympathizing friend of those whose errors he was anxious to remove. Mr. Wilson, who, in his factory schools at Vauxhall, has carried on the same good work with still more success, and on a larger scale, states that he undertook his noble task as a disciple of Arnold.

By men like-minded with these, the human-

* Mr. Dawes, now Dean of Hereford. Every one interested in popular education must be familiar with the full account of his labors at King's Sombourne, given in the successive volumes of the Minutes of the Committee of Council since 1847.

izing influence of amusement has been brought to aid in the regeneration of the humbler classes; and religion is represented, not as sternly checking, but as sanctioning and augmenting, the pleasures of the poor. It is no slight cause of thankfulness to hear that there are manufacturing villages in Yorkshire, where, under the superintendence of the clergyman, Handel's Messiah is performed by the operatives of the mills. Such cases are becoming daily more common; and in parishes thus administered we are sure to find the attractions of the alehouse and the ginshop gradually superseded by those of cricket clubs, and chess clubs, reading rooms, singing classes and excursion trains.

In such measures, and generally in all the good works of the Broad Church party, two sections coöperate, which we may call, for the sake of distinctness, its theoretical and anti-theoretical sections. The opinions which we have ascribed to the party are those of its theoretical members; and from these many of the other section would shrink with alarm. For, although they sympathize in the love of comprehension which distinguishes their more advanced friends, yet they do not allow themselves to speculate on any relaxation of the terms of communion at present fixed by the Church. They advocate the fullest toleration of all within the pale, from Mr. Gorham to Mr. Bennett; the case of those without they consider beyond their jurisdiction. This portion of the party, if less liberal than the other, is probably not less useful. By the absence of wide general views and speculative tendencies, they are less likely to provoke professional prejudice; and thus they are enabled more effectually to pursue the work of their calling without let or hindrance. They are characterized by cordially throwing themselves into the existing system of the Church, and casting their doctrines and their minds into the mould of her twofold teaching. They neither stultify the Articles, nor mutilate the Liturgy; but heartily embrace the truths presented to them in each under a different aspect. They join the societies and exert themselves for the objects both of the Anglicans and the Evangelicals. They will not allow themselves to feel jealousy or suspicion towards any party which professes to fight under the banner of the Church. By this line of action, when pursued with a manly singleness of purpose, they often avoid the enmity which proverbially dogs middle courses, and sometimes even win universal popularity. No better example of such results from such conduct can be given, than the unanimous approbation elicited by the recent appointment of Dr. Jackson to the see of Lincoln.

It will appear, from what we have said, that the Broad Church are, to the middle of the nineteenth century, what the Low Church

were to its beginning—the originators of ecclesiastical reform, and the pioneers of moral progress. But there is one important difference between the two cases. The Evangelicals were united closely to one another, they acted as a compact body, they combined to carry common objects, and their views were advocated in Parliament by able representatives. The Catholics, on the other hand, have so little organization or mutual concert of any kind, that they can scarcely be called a party at all. They are even destitute of that instrument, which every fractional subdivision of the smallest sects possesses, an organ in the periodical press. This is the more remarkable because among their ranks is comprehended almost every living clerical author whose name is distinguished in literature or science. There are in the present day clergymen who have richly contributed to Classical Philology, to the Mathematical Sciences, to the Physical Sciences, to Secular History, to Ecclesiastical History, to Poetry, and to general literature. But all, with hardly a single exception, are Broad Churchmen. In theology, it is true, other parties have produced works of merit; but even there the most valuable and original additions to the national stock have proceeded from the same quarter. Yet this school of opinion, so rich in eminent writers, is unrepresented in the press, except by the isolated publications of individuals. The reason of this is not hard to find. It is always easier to keep together a body of partisans on a narrow than on a comprehensive basis. The watchwords of party should be battle-cries, not notes of peace. The Catholic Christian, indeed, is engaged in warfare; but it is against moral evil, not against opposing sects; his weapons are self-denial, holiness, and love—weapons less easy to wield than excommunications and interdicts. It is not difficult to raise an army for the assault of Rome, or for a crusade against Genera; but the Flesh and the Devil are less definite antagonists; and sometimes, while we think we are in arms against them, we are really fighting on their side. A common hate is the cement to consolidate a party.

The only thing which would force the Broad party into an organized alliance, would be the revival of a representative assembly of the Church. In the deliberations of such a body, they would be compelled to a visible union, by coöperating in one line of action. Thus they would no doubt be enabled to effect more than they can at present; but, on the other hand, they could scarcely escape the vices of partisanship, from which they are now exempt.

The Catholic views of this school are assailed, as might be expected, both by High and Low. One of the favorite arguments against them is neither more nor less than the old Chrysippian sophism: "You are willing,"

says the objector, "to include both A and B within the Church, on the ground that there is no vital difference between them—but there is as little difference between B and C, between C and D, between D and E, and so on. On your principles, then, why should you not include all the letters of the alphabet? In other words, if Dr. Pusey and Mr. Gorham are both admissible, how can you exclude the Unitarian, the Jew, the Deist, and the Pantheist?" This is easily answered by a retort: for the objector is himself willing to admit all the A's, the big A, and the little A, the black-letter A, and the Italian A; and he is as unable as his antagonist to show a gulf separating the last whom he admits from the first whom he excludes.

But another and more serious objection remains. It is said that this easy comprehension leads too often to careless coldness; that universal toleration is usually associated with universal indifference. It cannot be denied that this charge contains some ground of truth. The Catholic tendency of mind has its peculiar dangers, no less than the exclusive. The Broad-Church principles have (like those of their opponents) been pushed into exaggeration, and have sunk into stagnation. Restless spirits will proceed from the negation of dogmatic infallibility to Pyrrhonian scepticism. Sluggish natures will freeze without the fire of fanaticism. The natural indolence of men causes them to pass from the toleration of unimportant differences to the belief that all differences are unimportant. Thus, in the last century, the comprehensive Christianity of Tillotson and Burnet degenerated into the worldliness of the Sadducean Hoadly.* The unbelieving petitioners of the Feathers' Tavern† represented the opinions of many hundreds

* Hoadly defends (in his "Reasonableness of Conformity") the practice of signing the Articles without believing them. Hume's correspondence contains his reply to a young clergyman, who had confessed his disbelief in Christianity, and asked the philosopher's advice. Hume recommends him "to adhere to the ecclesiastical profession in which he may have so good a patron; for civil employments for men of letters can scarcely be found. It is putting too great a respect on the vulgar, and on their superstitions, to pique oneself on sincerity with regard to them. The ecclesiastical profession only adds a little more to the innocent dissimulation without which it is impossible to pass through the world." (*Burton's Hume*, vol. ii., p. 187.) Scott's "Force of Truth" is a remarkable autobiography of a man who was ordained on the same principles.

† In 1772, 250 clergymen presented this Feathers' Tavern Petition to Parliament. Its prayer was that the petitioners might be "relieved" from subscription to the thirty-nine Articles, "and restored to their rights, as Protestants, of interpreting Scripture for themselves, without being bound by any human explications thereof." The whole Petition, which is too long to quote here, is the most naïve avowal of dishonesty on record, and

of their brethren whose scepticism was manifested, not by public protests, but by silent neglect of their duties and selfish devotion to their interests. But though the triple subdivision may be traced in the Broad party as well as in the others, yet its debasements have this peculiarity; that its exaggerated can hardly be separated from its stagnant form. For indifference to truth naturally leads to sensualism; and the sensualist is naturally indifferent to truth. The most universal sceptic believes in pleasure; the idolater of pleasure has no faith in God.

It is true that, at present, the comprehensive party in the Church cannot be accused of coldness or want of energy. Arnold was no indifferentist, and his followers have been no Epicureans. Nor have these opinions been, in our own days, the stepping-stone to infidelity. On the contrary, the unbelievers of our age and country have come from the ranks of the Puritans or the Romanists. Yet the history of the last century may well furnish a warning to the adherents of this theology. Their zeal not being sustained by conflict against antagonistic sects, has double need to be kept alive by purer stimulants. Their mental tendency leads them to make light of differences of opinion; but, if they feel tempted to imagine that Truth itself is matter of opinion, and Belief of no avail, let them learn, from history no less than Scripture, that *Faith is the victory which overcometh the world*. And let them remember that such faith is not a speculative theory, but a practical energy; and that it will sicken and die if it be not fed by acts of devotion, by habits of prayer, by deeds of self-denial, by exercises of love. If they would save it from extinction, and their own souls from moral ruin, let them visit the fatherless and widows in their affliction, and keep themselves unspotted from the world.

To ascertain the relative strength of the different sections into which the Church of England is divided is not an easy task. At first it might be thought that the proctors elected to represent the Clergy in Convocation would furnish data for such a calculation. But these elections have become mere forms, and are seldom contested; and even in the few contests which have occurred, a very small proportion of the electors has taken

part. The income of the different religious societies would give an element for determining the resources of the parties by which they are respectively supported; but it is impossible to find any society supported by only a single party. We may, however, deduce from this source some information bearing on the question. The subscriptions to the Church Missionary Society amount to about 100,000*l.* a year; those to the Propagation Society to about 50,000*l.* The former is supported by all shades of Low Church and Broad Church; the latter by all shades of High Church and Broad Church. Hence, if we suppose the number of adherents of the parties to be proportional to the amount of their subscriptions, we arrive at the conclusion that the Low Church party is (including its lay and clerical members) more than twice as numerous as the High Church party.* Again, the Curates' Aid Society, supported mainly by the High Church, collects rather under 13,000*l.* per annum; the Pastoral Aid Society, supported mainly by the Low Church, collects a little above 30,000*l.* This leads to much the same inference as before.†

The circulation of the religious newspapers, on the other hand, seems to give a different result. The "Record," which is the organ of one extreme party, and the "Guardian," which is the organ of the other, have about an equal circulation. But here again it is impossible to eliminate the elements which prevent us from founding any accurate calculation on these data. Many take in these journals as good "family newspapers," without agreeing with their views. Moreover neither of the moderate parties is represented by any newspaper. And again, the whole "average circulation"‡ of both "Record" and "Guardian" together does not amount to eight thousand, whereas the number of clergymen in England alone is above 18,000.

The address to the Archbishop in favor of the Gorham Judgment was signed by more than 3,200 § clergymen, of the Broad and Low Church parties; that against the Judgment by nearly 1,800 High Churchmen, including laity and clergy. This latter was signed by every Tractarian clergyman in England, and we have thus a proof that their number cannot exceed a thousand, for at least 800 of the signatures must have belonged to laymen or Anglican clergy.||

* Because $B + L = 2(B + H) \therefore L = 2H + B$.

† In the above statement we have only taken into account the income derived from subscriptions and donations; the other sources of income not affecting our present subject.

‡ i. e. the number sold of each separate copy.

§ This was wrongly stated as 2,300, in No. 193, page 66, note.

|| This protest was sent for signature to every clergyman in England, by a London Committee. The address in favor of the judgment was only

leaves the modern advocates of a "non-natural sense" far behind. Paley, in the pamphlet which he published in defence of these Petitioners, acknowledges that they "continue in the Church without being able to reconcile to their belief every proposition imposed upon them by subscription;" and speaks of them as "impatient under the yoke." (*Paley's collected Works*, p. 362.) This pamphlet was published anonymously at the time, and it is said that when Paley was himself urged to sign the Petition on the ground that he "was bound in conscience" to do so, he replied that he "was too poor to keep a conscience."

As another mode of obtaining an approximation to the proportion of parties, we have gone through the Clergy List, marking the names of all the clergymen whose opinions we knew, to the number of about 500. The result of this examination has been, that supposing those unknown to us to be in the same proportions with those known, we should be led to classify the 18,000* clergy of the Church of England as follows : —

High Church.	{ Anglican	3,500
	{ Tractarian	1,000
	{ "High and Dry"	2,500
Low Church.	{ Evangelical	3,300
	{ Recordite	2,500
	{ "Low and Slow"	700
Broad Church.	{ Theoretical	1,000
	{ Anti-theoretical	2,500

and about 1000 peasant clergy in the mountain districts, who must be classed apart.†

The twenty-eight Bishops and Archbishops of England are divided in a somewhat different ratio; viz., thirteen belonging to various shades of High Church, ten to the Broad Church, and five to the Evangelical parties. But for obvious reasons we can scarcely ground any general conclusions on this datum.

But whatever may be the relative strength of these subdivisions, it is evident that the triple cord in which they interlace could not easily be untwisted; nor could either of its strands be cut, without a risk of severing the rest. The object of every wise Churchman should be to keep each of the main schools of opinion from extravagance on the one hand, and from stagnation on the other; and the existence of counteracting parties is a check providentially operating for this end. Nor should we forget that the differences which divide each from each are much exaggerated by party-spirit. Most of them can be resolved into mere disputes about terms, which might be ended by stricter definition. Those which lie deeper result from a difference of mental constitution, and belong to the domain of metaphysics rather than of religion. For it is in theology as it is in philosophy; every sect strives to represent and embody a separate truth. A few great ideas are intuitively stamped on the groundwork of human reason, but not illuminated with equal brightness. The idea, which, in one mind, stands out in dazzling light, in another is dim and overshadowed. Hence each idea has its exclusive worshippers. But as the understanding logically develops its favorite truth, it at length deduces consequences which seem to circulate privately by the efforts of a single clergyman, Mr. Goode; and to our knowledge it was never sent to many who would gladly have signed it.

* The Clergy List of the present year gives the names of above 18,300 clergy in England; this does not include the Irish Clergy.

† See No. 198, Art. 3.

dict some other truth equally fundamental. Then follows a conflict, which in a few minds produces absolute Pyrrhonism; but which more frequently issues in one of three alternatives. First, the mind may abandon the principle whence it started, considering it reduced *ad absurdum*, now that its logical consequences seem to contradict another axiom; secondly, the truth of both principles may be admitted, although their consequences seem irreconcilable: or, thirdly, the consequences of the first principle may be embraced, and the modifying truth rejected. This last is the course adopted by extreme parties. Thus there are different stages in the development of opinion, each marked by the rejection or reception of some modifying truth, and each forming the halting-place of a different sect or school.* Nor is there any evil in this variety, so long as the truths of morality and religion are not contradicted. And even where we might, at first sight, suppose them to be so (as, for instance, in the case of fatalist opinions), we must be cautious of yielding to this impression. For piety has a transmuting power, and often turns the inconsistency of the understanding into food for the goodness of the heart. Therefore, instead of murmuring, we should rejoice when we see the same character of Christian Holiness manifested under diverse opinions. For Christianity, embraced under one form, might have been rejected under another. All cannot see through the same telescope, but different eyes require the tube to be variously adjusted. And the image formed will at best be blurred and dim, unless charity furnish us with her achromatic lens, and blend all the rays into one harmonious brightness.

But is there, then, it may be asked, no evil in the spirit of party? Are we preaching acquiescence in "our unhappy divisions," which are so often the subject of official lamentation? That be far from us. Strife and enmity are justly lamentable. But the mischief is not in variety of opinion, but in variance of heart; not in theological idiosyncrasies, but in unscrupulous partisanship. This last, the besetting sin of all parties, is most offensive in those which are contending for religion. And yet we fear that none is free from it. On the one side, if a renegade priest will make effective speeches against the Pope, and betray the secrets of the Church which he has deserted, the foulest scandals in his private life cannot shake the confidence of his admirers. On the other side, if a champion of orthodoxy is qualified by talents or position to render good service to his partisans, they will defend him though he be convicted of more than Jesuitical mendacity,

* The same results follow, whether the principles be derived from reason or from Scripture.

or of sharp practice which would strike a provincial pettifogger off the rolls. It is not that men consciously resolve to become accomplices in immorality, but they wilfully shut their eyes to all evidence against their favorites, and bring in a verdict of not guilty before the trial has begun. In advocating mutual charity, we advocate no such toleration of wickedness. When meanness or hypocrisy is detected, let men give the largest scope to their indignation, the freest course to their invective. But let them not confine such treatment to rogues of the opposite party. Let them excommunicate the knaves of their own following. Let them be sure that a bad man cannot make a good Churchman, a good Puritan, or a good anything. And let them remember that it is a duty enforced upon us by the highest example, to expose the interior of whitened sepulchres, however fair may be their outward seeming.

Nor would we desire them to spare even lighter faults than hypocrisy, and more harmless absurdities than falsehood. For no absurdity in religious men can be entirely harmless; nor can the follies of pietism be altogether free from moral deformity. Hence it is the duty of a Christian to abate them as far as possible. And this is the appropriate field for ridicule, which in theological argument is out of place. Its employment in this, its proper province, cannot lead to evil, provided we be careful not to forget our reverence for the reality in our contempt for the travesty. "Are some ridiculous," says one who spoke to a scoffing generation, "and for that will you turn religion into ridicule? If you do, it will at last turn a Sardonic laughter."*

But while we advocate the unsparing exposure of vice and folly, let us be careful to discountenance the use of unlawful weapons in the assault. Above all, let us disavow that tendency to settle theological quarrels by Lynch Law, which has lately disgraced our countrymen. If a clergyman is foolish, he may be laughed at; if he has introduced Popish rites and illegal ceremonies, he may be prosecuted in the courts of law. In either case it is shameful to hound on the mob against him. Yet we grieve to say that this method of attack has been resorted to by men who profess to advocate freedom of conscience. We shall not be suspected of viewing the so-called "Exeter Synod" with any peculiar favor; yet we could not learn without indignation that London agitators were stirring up the populace to interrupt its deliberations by violence. It is not long since we saw the congregation of a metropolitan church disturbed in their devotions by the outrages of a crew of ruffians, for the honor of Protestantism. And, only the other day, a clergyman was

prevented from administering the Communion on New-Year's Eve to some of his parishioners who wished to receive it, by a threat that if he attempted a "midnight mass" the communicants should be dispersed by violence.* This is nothing less than religious persecution; and those who employ such poisoned weapons, will find their shafts recoil, sooner or later, upon themselves.

While civil discord thus convulses the Church, many of her children are falling away from her, and abandoning the distinctive doctrines of Christianity. We have already noticed the diffusion of infidel opinions among the lower classes; but the mischief is not confined to them. The highest ranks and most intelligent professions are influenced by sceptical opinions, to an extent which, twenty years back, would have seemed incredible.† This state of things, as far as the Upper Classes are concerned, has been directly caused by the dissensions of the Church. "When Doctors differ, who shall decide?" is the expression of an almost inevitable scepticism. These unnatural hostilities must cease, if we are ever to reconvert the Pagans of the factory, and the Pantheists of the forum. How, indeed, can we hope to move them, if we are unable to answer that most obvious retort of the unbeliever, "I will hearken, when you Christians can agree upon the lesson which you want to teach me?" And how can we answer this, but by acknowledging a substantial unity of faith, and an absolute identity of holiness, in the midst of endless diversity of opinion? "O what are the things we fight for," says Leighton, "compared with the great things of God!"‡ Surely it is time that we should agree to differ about Prævenient Grace and Surplice Preaching, and turn to the true battle which is raging around us — a battle not between Anglicans and Calvinists, nor even between Popery and Protestantism, but between Faith and Atheism. We believe that the end is sure, and that Truth will conquer. But who can say how many ages of defeat may precede that final victory!

* This happened at Exeter, a place which was also disgraced by the notorious "Surplice riots." The latter, however, had more apology, because they sprang from a feeling on the part of the laity that the clergy had no right, without lay consent, to introduce innovations into the service. No doubt the real remedy for these disorders, as for all the diseases of the Church (as we are forced so often to repeat), is to restore its true organization, and give to all its members a legitimate voice in its government. They would then have less temptation to employ Lynch Law.

† It is true that, as far as the upper classes are concerned, the last half century (taken as a whole) has been characterized by a religious reaction against the fashionable scepticism of the preceding century. But in England the tide turned ten or fifteen years ago.

‡ Leighton's Works, vol. iii., p. 480.

* Archbishop Leighton's Sermon to the Parliament, 1669.

From Eliza Cook's Journal.

FERN LEAVES.

THOSE who have noticed the productions of American intellect critically have often said that America has no literature of her own. That did not mean that literary works were not produced by the Americans, but that their literature was for the most part destitute of distinctive characteristics, such as are presented by the literature of other nations. It is generally as easy to distinguish between the writings of Englishmen, Germans, and Frenchmen, as between the men themselves. What the differences are, it is not possible to determine with the same facility, but their effects are recognized by everybody. In the case of America and England, something more than a family likeness has been observed. Probably, when the remark was first made, it was a correct one—far more correct than it is now. Our kinship with the States across the Atlantic is a very near one. The largest element in their population is Anglo-Saxon; their language is English; their customs mainly belong to our island, and their institutions, notwithstanding they are republican and democratic, are more akin to ours than to those of any other nation. It was natural, then, that the first literary efforts of such a people should be similar to those of the old country—not necessarily because the Americans are imitative rather than original, but because their associations, habits and feelings, are the same. In time, however, an end would come to that. America contains a large intermixture of all the European races. Grafted on the predominant Anglo-Saxon stock, we have the phlegmatic Dutch, the vivacious French, the ardent Irish, and the abstracted, metaphysical Germans. It must take a long time for all these to blend perfectly, and fuse into one; but when that has been accomplished, the result will be a nationality as perfect as that of any other people, and possessing still more strongly-marked peculiarities and prominent features. That end is now, it would seem, close at hand, and we may look to see American literature exerting a great influence on Europe generally, and England especially. If the Americans have hitherto borrowed from and plagiarized us, we are very likely to reciprocate their attentions in that way. Already American books are making themselves felt in the English market, and the chance is that they will become quite as popular as the productions of native industry. They bid fair to be remarkable for a freshness of tone, a taking simplicity, and an expansiveness of thought, in a greater degree than the books of other nations.

Passing by without especial remark the poetry of the Americans, which—as the notices we have at various times given may enable our readers to judge—will bear compar-

ison with contemporaneous English poetry, we may point out three distinct departments of literature in which the Americans have set up a standard for themselves. Their tales are peculiarly their own. Mostly, we should judge, written by women, they blend the strong practical common sense of the people with an appreciation of homely simplicity and a fair share of sentiment. Such tales as these—and the same may be said of the rest of those literary productions which are essentially American—have seldom been collected into books. They have generally been scattered over the pages of fugitive periodicals, and have for that reason made few individual reputations, and attracted comparatively but little attention. Their value, however, and their fitness to interest the general reading public of cheap prints, has been shrewdly estimated by the conductors of some of our serials, and we could point to more than one magazine of large circulation in which tales obviously American have appeared week after week without acknowledgment of the source from which they were taken. Another department is that of humor, which in America takes a form very different from anything we see in England. In it we find traces of Irish bulls, mixed with sarcasm, hyperbolic extravagance, and a rough quaintness of language. Specimens of this, commonly known as “Americanisms,” must be tolerably familiar to everybody. A third department we hardly know how to characterize. It combines some of the qualities of the others, but has special features of its own. It has homeliness, simplicity, sentiment, satire, and often quaintness. It seems like fragments of essays which might be extended, but that the writer chose to suggest rather than to delineate with minute accuracy. It is at once sketchy and forcible—just such reading as suits people who, like the Americans, live in a hurry, and are content to take striking outlines instead of finished pictures. It is a book belonging to this department which is before us now, and has suggested this notice.

The soubriquet of “Fanny Fern” we suppose is by this time pretty familiar to the public. Quaint scraps, sometimes slyly humorous, at others full of pathos, bearing that signature, have often been quoted, and have attracted favorable attention. The American lady who has adopted that title has, it seems, for a long time contributed to various American periodicals, and the result is, that the fragments have been collected into a volume and issued under the characteristic title of *Fern Leaves from Fanny's Port Folio*.^{*} The authoress, in a short preface which bears

^{*}*Fern Leaves from Fanny's Portfolio*. Illustrated by Birket Foster. London: Ingram, Cooke, and Co. 1853. [Originally published by Derby and Miller, Auburn, N. Y.]

strong marks of an original mind, tells us that she never thought of writing a book. "What! I, Fanny Fern, write a book! I never could have believed it possible. How, then, came the book to be written! some one may ask. Well, that's just what puzzles me. I can only answer in the dialect of the immortal 'Topsy,' 'I 'spect it growed!' And, such as it is, it must go forth; for 'what is written is written' and stereotyped." That, no doubt, without putting the story into many words, is the true history of these *Fern Leaves*. It has no more plan than is to be found in a volume of detached poems. It is a bundle of prose fragments connected only by the binding. Written bit by bit, as newspaper paragraphs are, and without much more thought of the future, the volume "growed" insensibly, but we are glad that it has been written and stereotyped, for it is just the book to go through a great many editions. Sometimes grave and sad, sometimes gay and quizzical, Fanny Fern's fragmentary words play about the heart-strings. She has a mine of fun, tenderness, and truth somewhere, and though the jewels she polishes for the world are not large, they are of the purest water and bright. She is totally without that affectation of extreme propriety which is popularly attributed to the ladies of the New World. She goes straight up to her subject with the courage of a man, and avoids, without hiding, its dangers with a woman's tact. She accomplishes that difficult task—the task of talking of things which are tabooed by society without shocking the most sensitive, and of using rough, plain words in a spirit which will cause the most refined to tolerate them. If Fanny Fern, with her insight into motives, her laughing contempt for cant and conventionalism, her knowledge of life and power of pathos, has constructive ability, she will write a connected tale fit to take a high place among works of fiction. Perhaps, however, she has not that ability, and in that case we may look forward with pleasure to more such bits as she has given us in *Fern Leaves*, out of which we have picked a few specimens.

For all we know, the following grave little story, with a bright termination, may be a piece of real experience in the life of Fanny Fern:—

THE WIDOW'S TRIALS.

The funeral was over, and Janie Grey came to her desolate home. There were the useless drugs, the tempting fruits and flowers, which came all too late for the sinking sufferer. Wherever her eye fell, there was some sad reminiscence to torture her. They whose life had been all sunshine came in from cheerful homes, whose threshold death's shadow had never darkened, to offer consolation. All the usual phrases of stereotyped

condolence had fallen upon her ear; and now they had all gone, and the world would move on just the same that there was one more broken heart in it. She must bear her weary weight of woe alone. She knew that her star had set. Earth, sea, and sky had no beauty now, since the eye that worshipped them with her was closed and rayless.

"Whom the Lord loveth, he chasteneth," said Uncle John, joining the tips of the fingers of either hand, and settling himself in a vestry attitude, to say his lesson. "Afflictions come not out of the ground. Man is cut down like a flower. God is the God of the widow and the fatherless. I suppose you find it so?" said he, looking into the widow's face.

"I can scarcely tell," said Janie. "This was a lightning-flash from a summer cloud. My eyes are blinded; I cannot see the bow of promise."

"Wrong—all wrong," said Uncle John. The Lord gave, and the Lord has taken away. You ought to be resigned. I'm afraid you don't enjoy religion. Afflictions are mercies in disguise. I'll lend you this volume of *Dewdrops* to read. You must get submissive, somehow, or you will have some other trouble sent upon you. Good morning."

Uncle John was a rigid sectarian, of the bluest school of divinity; enjoyed an immense reputation for sanctity, than which nothing was dearer to him save the contents of his pocket-book. It was his glory to be the Alpha and Omega of parish gatherings and committees; to be consulted on the expediency of sending tracts to the Kangaroo Islands; to be present at the laying of corner stones for embryo churches; to shine conspicuously at ordinations, donation visits, Sabbath-school celebrations, colporteur meetings—in short, anything that smacked of a church-steeple, or added one inch to the length and breadth of his pharisaical skirt. He pitied the poor, as every good Christian should; but he never allowed them to put their hands in his pocket; that was a territory over which the church had no control—it belonged entirely to the other side of the fence.

Uncle John sat in his counting-room, looking very satisfactorily at the proof-sheets of *The Morning Star*, of which he was editor. He had just glanced over his long list of subscribers, and congratulated himself that matters were in such a prosperous condition. Then he took out a large roll of bank-bills, and fingered them most affectionately; then he frowned ominously at a poor beggar-child, who peeped in at the door; smoothed his chin, and settled himself comfortably in his rocking-chair.

A rap at the door of the counting-room. "May I come in, uncle?" and Janie's long black veil was thrown back from her sad face.

"Y-e-s," said Uncle John rather frigidly. "Pretty busy; s'pose you won't stay long?" and he pushed his *port-monnaie* further down in his pocket.

"I came to ask," said Janie timidly, "if you would employ me to write for your paper. Matters are more desperate with me than I thought, and there is a necessity of my doing something."

immediately. I believe I have talents that I might turn to account as a writer. I have literally nothing, Uncle John, to depend upon."

"Your husband was an extravagant man; lived too fast—that's the trouble—lived too fast. Ought to have been economical as I was when I was a young man. Can't have your cake and eat it too. Can't expect me to make up for other people's deficiencies. You must take care of yourself."

"Certainly; that's just what I wish to do," said Janie, struggling to restrain her tears. "I—I—" but she only finished the sentence with sobs; the contrast between the sunny past and the gloomy present was too strong for her troubled heart.

Now, if there was anything Uncle John mortally hated, it was to see a woman cry. In all such cases he irritated the victim till she took a speedy and frenzied leave. So he remarked again that "Mr. May was extravagant, else there would have been something left. He was sorry he was dead; but that was a thing he was n't to blame for, and he did n't know any reason why he should be bothered about it. The world was full of widows; they all went to work, he supposed, and took care of themselves."

"If you will tell me whether you can employ me to write for you," said the widow, "I will not trouble you longer."

"I have plenty who will write for nothing," said the old man. "Market is overstocked with that sort of thing. Can't afford to pay contributors, specially new beginners. Don't think you have any talent that way, either. Better take in sewing, or something," said he, taking out his watch, by way of a reminder that she had better be going.

The young widow could scarcely see her way out through her fast-falling tears. It was her first bitter lesson in the world's selfishness. She, whose tender feet had been so love-guided, to walk life's thorny path alone; she, for whom no gift was rich, or rare, or costly enough—she, who had leaned so trustingly on the dear arm now so powerless to shield her—she, to whom love was life, breath, being, to meet only careless glances; nay, more, harsh and taunting words! O! where should that stricken heart find rest this side heaven?

Yet she might not yield to despair; there was a little, innocent, helpless one for whom she must live on, and toil and struggle. Was the world all darkness? Bent every knee at Mammon's shrine? Beat every human heart only for its own joys and sorrows?

Days and months rolled on. Uncle John said his prayers, and went to church, and counted over his dear bank-bills; and the widow sat up till the stars grew pale, and bent wearily over long pages of manuscript; and little Rudolph lay with his rosy cheeks nestled to the pillow, crushing his bright ringlets, all unconscious of the weary vigil the young mother was keeping. And now it was New-Year's night; and, as she laid aside her pen, memory called her back to rich, sunny days—to a luxurious home. Again she was leaning on that broad, true breast. "Troops of friends were about them. O, where

were they now? Then she looked upon her small, plainly-furnished room, so unattractive to the eye of taste and refinement; then it fell upon her child, too young to remember that father, whose last act was to kiss his baby brow.

Still the child slumbered on, his red lips parted with a smile; and, for the first time, she noted the little stocking, yet warm from the dimpled foot, hung close by the pillow, with childhood's beautiful trust in angel hands to fill it; and, covering her face with her hands, she wept aloud, that this simple luxury must be denied a mother's heart. Then, extinguishing her small lamp, she laid her tearful cheek against the rosy little sleeper, with that instinctive yearning for sympathy which only the wretched know. In slumber there is, at least, forgetfulness. Kind angels whisper hope in dreams.

The golden light of New-Year's morning streamed through the partially-opened shutters upon the curly head that already nestled uneasily on its pillow. The blue eyes opened slowly, like violets kissed by the sun, and the little hand was out-stretched to grasp the empty stocking. His lip quivered, and tears of disappointment forced themselves through his tiny fingers; while his mother rose, sad and unrefreshed, to meet another day of toil. And Uncle John, oblivious of everything that might collapse his purse, sat comfortably in his rocking-chair, "too busy" to call on his niece, treading, not in his Lord's footsteps, where sorrow, and misery, and want made foot-prints, but where the well-warmed, well-clad, and well-filled sat at Dives' table.

Time flew on. A brighter day dawned for Janie. She had triumphed over disappointments and discouragements before which stouter hearts than hers had quailed. Comfort and independence were again hers, earned by her own untiring hand. Uncle John was not afraid of her now. He turned no more short corners to avoid her. She needed no assistance. Uncle John liked to notice that sort of people. He grew amiable, even facetious; and one day, in his uproariousness, actually sent a three-cent piece to his nephew, whom he had not inquired for for three long years.

Janie's praises reached him from every quarter; and he took a great deal of pains to let people know that this new literary light was *his niece*. Had he known she would have turned out such a star, he would have employed her. Now she was swelling other editors' subscription-lists instead of his. That was a feature of the case he was fully prepared to understand.

"No talent that way!" said Janie to herself, as she saw him, at last, very coolly transfer, with his editorial hand, her articles to *The Morning Star*, without credit, without remuneration to herself. Sanctimonious, avaricious Uncle John! did you count the weary vigils they cost the writer? Did you count the tears which blistered their pages? Did you dream of the torturing process by which the bird was blinded, ere it could be learned to sing so sweetly? Knew you that those gushing notes reached you through prison-bars, from a weary captive's throat? No, no, Uncle John! how should you?

For where your heart should have been, there was a decided vacuum.

Children figure very prominently in many of Fanny Fern's sketches, and those who know what children are in contradistinction to what they are generally supposed to be, who have seen the evidences of the deep feelings which make their little hearts throb, will not be surprised to learn that from her knowledge of them the authoress often draws her most touching pieces of pathos. Here is a little bit of the kind, charming in its appreciation of the depth and delicacy of children's thoughts, and remarkable for its suggestiveness:—

THANKSGIVING STORY.

"Mary!" said the younger of two little girls, as they nestled under a coarse coverlid one cold night in December, "tell me about Thanksgiving-day before papa went to heaven. I'm cold and hungry, and I can't go to sleep. I want something to think about."

"Hush!" said the elder child, "don't let dear mamma hear you. Come nearer to me;" and they laid their cheeks together.

"I fancy papa was rich. We lived in a very nice house. I know there were pretty pictures on the wall, and there were nice velvet chairs, and the carpet was thick and soft, like the green moss-patches in the wood; and we had pretty gold-fish on the side-table, and Tony, my black nurse, used to feed them. And papa—you can't remember papa, Letty—he was tall and grand like a prince, and when he smiled he made me think of angels. He brought me toys and sweetmeats, and carried me out to the stable, and set me on Romeo's live back, and laughed because I was afraid! And I used to watch to see him come up the street, and then run to the door to jump in his arms. He was a dear, kind papa," said the child in a faltering voice.

"Don't cry," said the little one; "please tell me some more."

"Well, Thanksgiving-day we were so happy! We sat around such a large table, with so many people; aunts, and uncles, and cousins—I can't think why they never come to see us now, Letty—and Betty made such sweet pies, and we had a big, big turkey, and papa would have me sit next to him, and gave me the wish-bone, and all the plums out of his pudding; and after dinner he would take me in his lap, and tell me *Red Riding Hood*, and call me 'pet,' and 'bird,' and 'fairy.' O Letty, I can't tell any more; I believe I am going to cry."

"I am very cold," said Letty. "Does papa know, up in heaven, that we are poor and hungry now?"

"Yes—no—I can't tell," answered Mary, wiping away her tears, unable to reconcile her ideas of heaven with such a thought. "Hush! mamma will hear!"

Mamma had "heard." The coarse garment upon which she had toiled since sunrise dropped from her hands, and tears were forcing themselves, thick and fast, through her closed eyelids.

The simple recital found but too sad an echo in that widowed heart.

Sometimes Fanny Fern takes a sentiment from some poet as the theme for a short homily, and though at such times she may not be so attentive to the multitude, those who live beneath the surface of thought and feeling will recognize the truest indications of her genius. Take, for example, the following suggested by the line quoted from Tennyson's *In Memoriam*, and notice that it is as mournfully musical as the murmured music of an Æolian harp when the low wind hardly wakes its chords:—

THE WAIL OF A BROKEN HEART.

"'T is better to have loved and lost than never to have loved at all." O, no, no! else you have never passed from the shield of a broad, true breast, where for long years you have been lovingly folded, to a widow's weeds, and the rude jostling and curious gaze of the heartless crowd; never knew long, wretched days, that seemed to have no end; never turned, with a stifled sob, from the clasp of loving little arms, and the uplifted gaze of an eye upon whose counterpart you had watched the death-film gather; never saw that sunny little face overshadowed with grief, when other children gleefully called "Papa!" nor ever heard the wail of a little one who might never remember its father's face!

No, no! or you have never turned shudderingly away, in the crowded street, from the outline of a form, or the cast of a face, or the tone of a voice, that brought the dead mockingly before you; never lain upon a sick-bed, among careless strangers, lacking comforts where luxury once abounded, and listening in vain for that footfall whose lightest tread could charm your pain away; never draped from your aching sight the pictured lineaments that quickened busy and torturing memory till your heart was breaking; never waked from a dream of Paradise to weep unavailing, bitter tears at the sad reality; and never, alas! bent your rebellious knee at God's altar when your tongue was dumb, to praise Him, and your lips refused to kiss the Smiter's rod!

O, no, no! better never to have loved! Ten-fold more gloomy is the murky day, whose sunny morning was ushered in with dazzling, golden brightness! Agonizing is the death-struggle of the shipwrecked mariner who perishes in sight of shore and home! Harshly fall careless words upon the ear trained to the music of a loving voice! Wearily stumble the tender feet unguarded by love's watchful eye! O, no, no! better never to have loved! He whose first breath was drawn in a dungeon never pines for green fields, and blue skies, and a freer air! God pity the desolate, loving heart, the only star of whose sky has gone out in utter darkness!

But we must not dwell exclusively on the sad side of Fanny Fern's book. We must, to give a fair idea of her, pluck a leaf or two of gayer hue. Here is a piece of quiet satire on

that system of pulling the reins too tight, which has produced, we are half afraid to say how much of the wickedness of the world:—

OBSERVING THE SABBATH.

"Don't accept the invitation sent to you to that Sunday excursion, Harry."

"What a solemn phiz, Fan! Why not? The better the day the better the deed."

"My dear coz, if the fourth commandment has no restraining power, then avoid it for its vulgarity. Depend upon it, it is the more coarse and unrefined portion of the community who outrage the feelings of church-going people by Sabbath desecration. Let good taste deter you from it, Harry, if I must resort to so weak an argument, when so many better ones are on my side."

"Well; but, coz, I have already given my word that I will accept."

"Break it, then; you owe allegiance to a friend who has a prior claim."

"Now, Fan, if I would do it for anybody, I would do it for you; but, do you know, I don't believe in Sunday and in going to meeting!"

"Your mother did, Harry."

"Yes, I know," said he thoughtfully; "and, strange as it may seem to you, that is the reason I don't. When I was a 'little shaver,' Sunday was the gloomiest day in the calendar to me. From sunrise to sunset we were scarcely allowed to wink. As soon as we were dressed we were seated in a row, with our Bibles, catechisms, and hymn-books. Even religious newspapers were prohibited; and we should as soon have thought of dancing a hornpipe on the pulpit stairs as stepping over the threshold of the door, except to church. There we sat, repeating hymns, creeds, and commandments, till the bell summoned us to a change of scene; and he was a very bold urchin who dared stop to pluck a tempting daisy or buttercup by the roadside. Our patriarchal pastor was fond of disentangling knotty theological snarls, and diving beyond his depth in the doctrines of election and total depravity. Our childish minds refused to follow in these labyrinthine mazes, though we had sundry pulls by the ears and raps on the knuckles by way of reminders. Amid all this 'strong meat,' the 'milk for babes' ordered by the infant-loving Saviour was quite overlooked."

"Our Sunday dinner was looked forward to as a sort of juvenile 'millennium;' though our inclination to prolong it indefinitely was unceremoniously cut short by sending us back to our little chairs and big catechisms. The advent of a vagrant fly or profane mosquito was hailed with an internal thanksgiving, as affording a convenient respite for the study of anatomy and natural history; stray leaves of *Tom Thumb*, *Mother Goose*, and *Sinbad the Sailor*, occasionally found their way between the pages of more doctrinal reading; and the soporific tendency of a second sermon from our argumentative pastor bade defiance to every attempt of our vigilant parents to keep us from migrating to the land of Nod."

"With what anxiety and impatience we watched for the disappearance of Old Sol behind

the hills! What a welcome release for the over-taxed spirits, what stretching of wearied limbs, as his last golden beam was lost in the twilight! With what a feeling of complete disenchantment we threw ourselves on the grass beneath the old apple-tree, or explored the meadow behind the house, or drove old Brindle home from pasture! And when we crept into our little beds at night, what sorrowful discussions we held upon that sentence in father's prayer, that announced 'Heaven to be one eternal Sabbath!' O coz, Sunday was made a weariness in my boyhood!"

Very true, thought I sorrowfully, as he gayly waved an adieu. The cord was drawn too tightly, and this is the rebound! And yet it is an old-fashioned error; caution points with her finger to the other extreme at the present day. Discretion and wisdom mark out a middle path.

The next extract we take reminds us of *Sam Slick*. The style and humor is precisely the same. The person who writes this has had some experience on the English provincial press; and if Fanny Fern is right, the editors of our country sheets have no little reason to envy their Yankee brethren. If all this is true, America is a sort of newspaper paradise;—

EDITORS.

We know of no state of slavery on earth like that attendant upon the newspaper life, whether it be as director or subordinate. Your task never ended, your responsibility never secured—the last day's work is forgotten at the close of the day on which it appeared, and the dragon of to-morrow waits open-mouthed to devour your thoughts, and snap up one morsel more of your vexed existence. Be as successful as is the nature of things to be; write with the least possible degree of exertion; be indifferent to praise, and lion-hearted against blame; still will the human heart wear out before its time, and your body, if not your mind, exhibit every symptom of dry-rot.—*Newspaper.*

"Dry" fiddlestick! That man's dinner did not digest; or the wind was "dead east;" or his wife had astonished him with a pair of twins; or his boots pinched him.

I will wager you a new neck-tie that he is one of the cross-grained sort, that would go to fisticuffs with Gabriel and raise a rebellion in Paradise. There is not a word of truth in what he says. I have been behind the curtain, and I will speak this time! I tell you that editors are just the fattest, sleekest, happiest, most rollicksome, the cleverest, brightest, most intelligent and lovable set of humans in existence; and the only reason they don't "own up" is because they are afraid to let the world in general know how many little favors and perquisites fall to their lot!

They go down to the office in the morning, after a careful toilet and a comforting breakfast, make up a fire in the stove hot enough to roast an Icelander, "hermetically seal" every door and window, put on a pair of old slippers, light a cigar, draw up a huge easy-chair, stick their feet up twice as high as their heads, and proceed to business: that is to say, between the whiffs of that cigar they tell exuberantly funny stories, poke each other in the ribs, agree to join the Mutual Admiration Society, retail all the "wire-pull-

ing" behind the scenes, calculate which way the political cat is going to jump, and shape the paragraphs accordingly; tell who threw that huge bouquet, at last night's concert, to Madam Fitz Humbug; shake hands, and make room for all the "hail fellows well met" that drop in to see them; keep their intellects sharpened up by collision with the bright and gifted—in short, live in one perpetual clover-field, and when they die all the newspapers write nice little obituary notices, and give them a free pass to Paradise. I would like to know if that looks like a "vexed existence?"

Time would fail me to tell of the wedding-cake, and flowers, and fruits, and annals, embroidered purses and tasselled smoking-caps, pretty little notes, braided watch-chains, the handkerchiefs they get perfumed, and gloves mended, for nothing.

How everybody nudges his neighbor, when they appear at lecture, or concert, or opera, and says, "There's that clever fellow, the editor of the *Comet*!" How he has a season-ticket to a free seat by a Frog Pond; how he has—but there is no use in telling all a body knows! Christopher Columbus! Editor's life a "vexed existence!"

Let those laugh now who never laughed before, And those who always laughed now laugh the more.

Now then for a domestic bit, by way of conclusion, to complete our sample of Fanny Fern's wares. As may be expected, the lady in these cases generally sides with the ladies. We do not, therefore, ask any gentleman to recognize his own portrait in

AN INTERESTING HUSBAND.

If you could see my husband, Solomon Still-weather! It is my firm conviction he will be the death of me! I am naturally a happy, bright, energetic, warm-hearted, chain-lightning, impulsive woman; born after stages were exploded, and in the days of railroads and steam-engines. I have the most capacious heart that ever thumped against a silken bodice; can hate like Lucifer, and love in proportion, and be eternally grateful to one who is kind to me. Now, Sol-o-mon is a perpetual calm. Nothing ruffles him, nothing disturbs him. Mount Vesuvius could n't make him hurry. He does everything—mercantile and matrimonial—by rule, square, and compass. When the proper time arrives, it "comes off," and it don't a fraction of a second before. Were the house on fire, he would stop to take the lint off his coat, and brush his teeth before starting. If I ask him a question at breakfast, I never get an answer before tea. He walks round the house with a noiseless, velvety tread, like a superannuated pussy-cat; should the children in their play knock over the tea-table and its contents, he looks quietly up from his book, and draws out, "Ain't you ra-ther rude, chil-dren?"

One summer evening, in the country, as he sat on the grass, smoking his cigar, it occurred to me whether anything short of an earthquake would start him up; so I placed a string of crackers directly behind him, and touched 'em off, and, as sure as I'm a living woman, he never as much as winked.

You should see him getting ready for church on Sunday, as he pares and polishes his finger-nails, lays every hair on his head over its appropriate bump, sprinkles a drop of cologne on the north-west corner of his pocket-handkerchief, and ties the bow of that cravat for the *for-thieth* time. I never saw Solomon excited. I never heard him laugh; and he don't know the luxury of tears. Now, if I could only get up a domestic squabble!—thunder-clouds clear the atmosphere, you know; but it's no use. I've tried to stir him up on politics; but he's "on the fence"—had as lief jump one way as another, too. I've put on the sulks, and been distant and dignified; I tell you, he likes it! besides, you could n't freeze him colder than he is. I've been loving, and petted him; it's a waste of ammunition—he can't be thawed out!

It's my solemn belief he was originally intended for an old maid, but, by some horrid mistake, he's my husband! I can double Cape Horn while he is saying "My dear." O, O! when the coroner's jury sits on me, won't the verdict be, "Died of excess of STILL-weather?"

If, however, any of the better halves of Englishmen should take it into their heads to hold up Solomon Stillweather as a striking likeness of somebody, the aggrieved party may turn the tables, with a few remarks on the little artifices ladies now and then resort to, as recorded in

WHAT MRS. SMITH SAID.

"Saint Agatha!—not been out of the city this summer?"

"No; Mr. Jones said he could n't afford it."

"My dear, innocent Abigail! Mr. Jones smokes his forty-nine cigars a-day, as usual, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, he rides horseback every morning?"

"Yes."

"Well, he plays billiards, and takes his sherry and hock, and all that sort o' thing down town, don't he?"

"Yes."

"Well, put that and that together! Just so Mr. Smith told me—"could n't afford it." I did n't dispute the point. It was too much trouble. I smiled just as sweetly at him as if I did n't know it was a humbug. But I very quickly went to my boudoir, and despatched a note to that jewel of a doctor, saying that I should be taken violently ill about the time Mr. Smith came home to dinner, and should n't probably recover till after a trip to Saratoga, or Niagara, or some of those quiet places. Well, he is as keen as a briar; and when Mr. Smith sent for him, he came in and found me in a state of foreordained exhaustion, in the hands of my maid, Libby. He felt my pulse, looked wise and oracular, and said I must have instant change of air. Of course I objected; declared I never could bear to be moved; was quite entirely run down, etc. Doctor said he 'would n't be answerable for the consequences,' and finally, to oblige Mr. Smith, I gave in. Understand? Nothing like a little diplomacy. Always use the check-rein, my dear, if you want

to start Jones off in a new direction. Men are a little contrary, that's all. They'd be perfect treasures, every mother's son of them, if it was n't for that!"

We have thus given our readers an opportunity of forming an opinion for themselves of *Fern Leaves*; and we think they will agree with us that it evinces considerable power and ability, has for the English reader the charm of originality, and is likely to prove a favorite book with those who are led by want of time or habits of mind to prefer fragmentary reading.

From the Baltimore Patriot.

THE BIBLE AT THE FAIR. — The Holy Bible, in separate volumes, deposited for exhibition by T. H. Stockton, 68 Lexington street, Baltimore, Md. This is a model case of books representing a new copy-right plan for the publication of the Bible. The model itself is a very neat affair. The case is of mahogany, about three and a half feet high, two broad, and eight inches deep. The body of it has three equal shelves, about 18 inches long, 6 deep, and 7 apart. The front, under the arch and along the edges of the shelves, is appropriately lettered, showing the different departments for the books, &c. The books are of duodecimo size, of various thicknesses, according to the amount of matter in the Sacred Text, in each instance, and sixty-six in number, representing the thirty-nine of the Old Testament, from Genesis to Malachi; and the twenty-seven of the New Testament, from Matthew to Revelation. The backs are variously colored — so as to distinguish their several departments. Thus, the five books of the law are in green, the twelve historical books in crimson, the five poetical books in orange, the seventeen prophetic books in gray, sprinkled with red, the four gospels in blue, the Acts of the Apostles in pink, the Epistles in brown, and the Apocalypse in purple. Each volume has two labels on the back — the upper one giving the name of the book, the lower the name of the author and the date. The volumes are regularly numbered, also, from 1 to 66. The single plate of clear glass in the door allows all the inscriptions, with the books arranged under them, to be seen at a glance — so that the whole design is obvious and impressive. In a few minutes even a child may be enabled to understand the structure of the Bible, by this representation of it — better, indeed, than by the ordinary instructions of years.

It may be well to add that, though mere models, each of the volumes contains a printed copy of the Book whose name it bears, taken from Bagster's Treasury Bible. The remainder of each volume is blank paper. In the new edition, now proposed, the sacred text, being in fair, open type, will fill about half of each volume. The

other half is intended to be occupied by the Appendix and Student's Memorandum.

Having thus noticed the model, it is a matter of greater importance to make a plain statement of the advantages of the proposed plan of publication. This, however, Mr. Editor, must await another opportunity.

Very respectfully yours, T. H. S.

Morris' Poems, an Illustrated Edition just published by Charles Scribner.

Morris is emphatically the poet of the people. He went to their hearts when he first began to write — an epoch or two ago — and stayed there. And this last is the test of the merit of his poetry; for it is easy to be briefly popular, and effervesce upon the public lip, but quite another thing to sparkle on the universal taste and relish, after twenty or thirty years of unceasing republication and iteration. Morris is quoted at every table, sung at every piano, classic in school-books, and omnipresent in the clinker-lines of toasts and the climaxes of patriotic speeches. He is swung in all the slung shots that are expected to hit hard upon the hurrahs. The girls all want a lock of his hair. The boys wish to know when he would like to be voted for. If all the people that knew a song of his by heart, were to take hands and form a line, it would telegraph from Passamaquoddy to Panama.

And here he is, bound up with beautiful pictures, and ready to lie on every lady's table, as welcome a gift, we should say, as could be given to dame, damsel or sweetheart, on or before the coming Christmas and New Year. The illustrative drawings are by those first of artists, Weir and Darley, and they are admirably engraved. The picture of Miller's yacht, the "Ultra," is alone worth the price of the book. As to the portrait of Morris, it was like, perhaps, when it was painted, for it was done by that fine artist, the lamented Henry Inman, who was the poet's friend and knew him well; but the original has mellowed and grown genial and more expansive-looking since then, and he is now a handsomer man, to our thinking, than this would show him to be.

This kind of book (very popular and well known things collected into a volume) is particularly valuable, when in so beautiful a shape as to lie ornamentally and familiarly on the table. To open it at spare moments and glance with pleasant remembrance at a well-known song, is to have that song at exactly the right time and place. Morris is one of the few who should be thus printed, embellished and daintily bound, and then added to the belongings of every drawing-room and library. We commend him to every table-cloth and mantel-piece, as he is already on every lip and memory in the land. — *Boston Post.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

PROFESSOR R. C. TRENCH.

THE Church hath its poets, as the world hath, and Professor Trench is of them;—perhaps the most Wordsworthian of them. His strains have not the melodious chime of Keble's "solemn church music," as Thackeray reverently characterizes the "Christian Year;" nor have they the glistening decorations of Milman, or the sonorous dignity of Croly, or perhaps the gentle tenderness of Moultrie, or the cathedral awe and dim religious light of Isaac Williams. But they have depth without bathos, while the vastly more popular verses of Robert Montgomery have bathos without depth; and if inferior in picturesque diction and vivid suggestiveness to the best things of Charles Kingsley, they have none of that "Keepsake" prettiness, and "Annual" efflorescence, which mark the lyrics of the Dale and Stebbing order. "Justin Martyr," and "Poems from Eastern Sources," "Sabbath," "Honor Neale," and other his more elaborate metrical essays, are dear to a select audience of thinking hearts—they are truthful and refined, the effusions of a benign, spiritual nature—healthy and pure in tone, and, though pensively attuned to the still sad music of humanity, they are inspired with the gladdening, elevating evangelism of Christianity. Mr. Trench has his mannerisms, and now and then his seeming obscurities, which pertain, however, only to the surface of his composition. Thus, in his "Century of Couplets," will be found, as the terse requirements of the subject might imply, many a line that asks to be scanned as well as read—scanned for the sake both of sense and metre; and though the result will prove that the poet has thought himself clear, it may sometimes leave doubts as to the delicacy of his ear. This defect in the matter of rhythmical beauty is more patent in the blank verse of his longer pieces, which usually wants relief and color—albeit Christopher North has praised it as excellent of its kind. Mr. Trench is probably most effective in stanzas of the description we are about to quote—where some historic incident or biographic tradition is graphically told, and made the text of a quietly emphasized *memento*, addressed to the universal conscience. The following lines were suggested by a passage in Elphinstone's "History of India":

Lo! an hundred proud pagodas have the Moslem
torches burned,
Lo! a thousand monstrous idols 'Mahmoud's zeal
has overturned.

He from northern Ghuznee issuing, thro' the world
one word doth bear,—
"God is ONE; ye shall no other with the peerless
One compare!"

Till in India's furthest corner he has reached the
costliest shrine
Of the Brahmin's idol-tending—which they hold
the most divine.

Profits not the wild resistance; stands the victor
at the gate.

With this hugest idol's ruin all his work to consummate.

Ransom vast of gold they offer, pearls of price
and jewels rare,
Will he hear their supplication, and that only
image spare.

Then he answered: "God has armed me, not to
make a shameful gain,
Trafficking for hideous idols, with a service false
and vain;

"But to count my work unfinished, till I sweep
them from the world:
Stand and see the thing ye sued for, by this hand
to ruin hurled."

High he reared his battle-axe, and heavily came
down the blow:
Reeled the abominable image, broken, bursten, to
and fro;

From its shattered side revealing pearls and diamonds,
showers of gold;
More than all that proffered ransom, more than all
a hundred fold.

Thou too, Heaven's commissioned warrior to cast
down each idol throne
In thy heart's profaned temple, make this faithful
deed thine own.

Still they plead, and still they promise, wilt thou
suffer them to stand,
They have pleasures, they have treasures, to enrich
thee at command.

Heed not thou, but boldly strike them; let descend
the faithful blow;
From their wrecks and from their ruin first will
thy true riches flow.

Thou shalt lose thy life and find it; thou shalt
boldly cast it forth;
And then back again receiving, know it in its end-
less worth.

Professor Trench excels in this species of didactic symbolism, which indeed is characteristic of all his writings, prose and verse—be it lecture or lyric, sermon or song.

His collection of "Sacred Latin Poetry" is tasteful and comprehensive—though it omits the thrilling *Stabat Mater*, and certain other rhymed Latin hymns which are, rightly or wrongly, objectionable to Protestant students of hymnology. Some of these can, however, be as ill-spared in such a collection as the lovely *Consolator optime*, or the sublime *Dies iræ*. But this little volume is too rich with sweet conceits to allow of critical discords, harsh and grating, and *not* of ample power to subdue its attraction.

Of Professor Trench's theological writings this is not the place to speak, except *en passant*. His Hulsean Lectures, and his Notes on the Miracles and on the Parables of the New Testament, are held in high esteem within and without the pale of his own Church. He belongs to the Coleridgean school of divines, if such a description is allowable in reference to a group of pastors and teachers representing somewhat diverse as well as divers opinions—comprehending an Arnold and a Hare, Kingsley and Maurice, Derwent Coleridge and Arthur Stanley. His every work is pervaded by true earnestness, instinct with spiritual thought, and animated by a refined,

chastened, effective eloquence. His weak side is a rather crotchety fancy and love of analogy.

"The Study of Words" is a right winning little volume, designed to awaken attention to the riches that lurk in language. It is marked by extensive reading and a genial spirit of investigation; but its chiefest value lies in its suggestiveness — its provocative, stimulant, "educational" tone. Perhaps it is a little open to objection on the side of its frequently sermonizing, and Sunday didactic manner; sometimes halting in rather irrelevant matter, and verging on a disposition to prose in the way of "practical inferences from this subject." This is explicable, by the fact that the book consists of a series of lectures delivered before the pupils of a diocesan training school; and although we could have wished to see them printed in a revised form, others may (indeed others do) find an additional value in the characteristic to which we have taken exception. So let that pass. The book is a jewel of a book — *not* spoilt in the setting. Its subject, what has been called "fossil poetry." For, says Emerson, "as the limestone of the continent consists of infinite masses of the shells of animalcules, so language is made up of images, or tropes, which now, in their secondary use, have long ceased to remind us of their poetic origin."* Hence the value of a book which is framed to remind us of this nobility of pedigree, and with the lofty sanctify the low, and, as it were, recall the baptismal time of these garment-soiled, time-stricken words, when the fresh dew of their morning-tide was upon them, and they were pledged to a vocation long since neglected or forgotten. Winged words deserve scrutiny in their flight. "On Words," says Landor, "rests the axis of the intellectual world. A winged word hath stuck ineradicably in a million hearts . . . On a winged word hath hung the destiny of nations. On a winged word hath human wisdom been willing to cast the immortal soul, and to leave it dependent for all its future happiness."† Alluding to Emerson's expression, Mr. Trench happily observes that language may be, and indeed is, "fossil poetry" — but is also, and with equal truth, fossil ethics, or fossil history. He calls it the embodiment, the incarnation of the feelings, thoughts and experiences of a nation, often of many nations, and of all which through centuries they have attained to and won — standing like the pillars of Hercules, to mark how far the moral and intellectual conquests of mankind have advanced, only not like those pillars, fixed and immovable, but ever itself advancing with the progress of these, and even itself a great element of that advance. He calls it the amber in which a thousand precious and subtle thoughts have been safely embedded and preserved. He reserves the *dictum* which pronounces words the wise man's counters and the fool's money; for in words he describes a reality, a living power, not merely an arbitrary symbolism; to his eye they are not like the sands of the sea, innumerable disconnected atoms, but growing out of roots connect-

ing and intertwining themselves with all that men have been doing and thinking and feeling from the beginning of the world until now.

And thus he regards language as a moral barometer, which indicates and permanently marks the rise or fall of a nation's life. "To study a people's language will be to study *them*, and to study them at best advantage, where they present themselves to us under fewest disguises, most nearly as they are." It will bear the stamp of national frivolity, shallowness and triviality, or of high sentiment and superiority to everything mean and base. And though it may be lost labor to seek for the parentage of all words, yet all *have* an ancestry, or descent of some kind. "There is no word which is not, as the Spanish gentleman loves to call himself, an *hidalgo*, the son of somebody" — so that, when a word entirely refuses* to give up the secret of its origin, it can be regarded in no other light but as a riddle which no one has succeeded in solving, a lock of which no one has found the key — but still a riddle which has a solution, a lock for which there is a key, though now, it may be, irrecoverably lost. To be indifferent to the Study of Words is like "incurious dulness" to the image and superscription of ancient coins; current words being like current coinage with this addition in the latter case, that each piece of money passing through our hands has something of its own characteristic and note-worthy — one, stamped with some striking maxim, another with some important fact, another with some memorable date — some pieces being works of finest art, graven with rare and beautiful devices, or bearing the head of immortal sage or heroic king — others again being the sole surviving monuments of mighty nations that once filled the world with their fame.

Great are the curiosities of etymology. We remember to have seen an incredulous smile excited by Professor Maurice on the faces of a group of listeners, when he mentioned, as an instance of this curiosity, the radical identity of the Greek *hyle* (ὕλη) and the English *savage*; although he had but to supply the few and satisfactory links of relationship to convince the most sceptical. Even within the compass of our mother-tongue, the relationships of words are often unsuspected. Thus Mr. Trench shows how from the one Anglo-Saxon word *to sheer*, comes a family so seemingly unrelated as shire, shore, share, sheers, shred, sherd. The multifarious usages of the word *post* may be brought to a common centre — post being the Latin *positus*, "that which is placed" — and thus a piece of timber is "placed" in the ground, and so a post — a military station is a "post," for a man is "placed" in it, and must not quit it without orders — to travel "post," is to have certain relays of horses "placed" at intervals, so that no delay on the road may occur — the "post"-office is that which avails itself of

* Among words which are but of yesterday, and yet with a marvellous rapidity have forgotten the circumstances of their origin, Mr. Trench refers to the terms, *Roundheads*, *Cannibal*, *Huguenots*, *Canada*, and a word which the Anglo-Americans might be supposed quite able to explain, since it plays so prominent a part in their elections, — viz., *Caucus*.

* Emerson's Essays. Second Series. ("The Post.")

† Imaginary Conversations (*Lucian and Timotheus*).

this mode of communication — to “post” a ledger is to “place” or register its several items. We are reminded that “heaven” is only the perfect of *to heave*, being properly the sky as it is raised aloft; the “smith” has his name from the blows he *smites* on the anvil; “wrong” is the perfect participle of *to wring*, — that which is wrung or wrested from the right; the “brunt” of a battle is its heat, where it *burns* the most fiercely; the “haft” of a knife is that whereby you *have* or hold it; the “left” hand is the hand we *leave*, inasmuch as for twenty times we use the right hand, we do not once employ it. In the section entitled “On the History in Words,” we find numerous interesting results of philological study, tending to show how far such a study may go in helping to reproduce the past history of England — for instance, while the staterlier superstructure of the language (almost all articles of luxury, all that has to do with the chase, with chivalry, with personal adornment) is Norman throughout, the broad basis of the language, and therefore of the life (the great features of nature, all the prime social relations), is Saxon — the stable elements of Anglo-Saxon life, however overlaid for a while, still making good their claim to be the solid groundwork of the after nation as of the after language. A suggestive history in words is pointed out in *miscrant*, a term applied by the Crusaders to the Mahometans, and meaning at first simply a misbeliever, and then as applicable to the royal-hearted Saladin as to the most infamous wretch that fought in his armies; — in *saunter*, and *saunterer*, derived from “la Sainte Terre,” whither wended at last every idler that liked strolling about better than performing the duties of his calling; — in *poltroon*, the supposed derivative from *pollice truncus*, one who has deprived himself of his thumb, to shirk his share in military service; — in *cattiff*, one who suffers himself to be taken “captive,” and *craven*, one who has “craved” his life at the enemies’ hand, instead of resisting to the death; — in *dunce*, i. e., *dunsman*, from *Duns Scotus* (though he was “certainly one of the keenest and most subtle-witted of men”); — in *mammetry*, from Mahometry (another curiously perverted usage); — in *tariff*, from the Moorish fortress Tarifa, from which all merchant ships passing the Straits of Gibraltar were watched, and taxed according to a fixed scale; — in *bigot*, from the Spanish “bigote,” or mustachio — the Spaniard being in old times the standing representative, to English Protestantism, of the bigot and persecutor, as we see, for example, in the pictures of the early editions of Fox’s “Book of Martyrs,” where “the pagan persecutors of the first Christians are usually arrayed in the armor of Spanish soldiers, and sometimes graced with tremendous bigotes.” Trust Mr. Trench for a slap at Popery, whenever within reach.

In illustration of the truth that many a single word is in itself a concentrated poem, having stores of poetical thoughts and imagery laid up in it, Mr. Trench adduces the word “dilapidated,” observing that he who spake first of a dilapidated fortune, must have had before his mind’s eye impressive imagery of some falling house or palace, stone detaching itself from stone,

till all had gradually sunk into desolation and ruin. “Many a man had gazed, we may be sure, at the jagged and indented mountain ridges of Spain, before one called them ‘sierras,’ or saws, the name by which they are now known, as Sierra Morena, Sierra Nevada; but that man coined his imagination into a word which will endure as long as the everlasting hills which he named.” There are some valuable hints, too, on the manner in which new words arise in a language — how the philosophic is superadded on the picturesque; with apt references to the philological contributions or expositions of such Students of Words as Horne Tooke, De Quincey,* and Coleridge. The chapter on Synonyms, again, is rich with erudition, conveyed chiefly by hint and suggestion. When he does develop his meaning, it is with a felicitous completeness which leaves nothing to be desired, but more of the same kind. For example, turn to the distinction drawn between “invention” and “discovery” — between “opposite” and “contrary” — and between “abandon” and “desert” — which last diversity is memorably associated with Lord Somers’ speech, that “masterly specimen of synonymous discrimination,” on the abdication of James II.

Still better calculated for popular acceptance, wide and hearty, was the little treatise on the “Lessons in Proverbs.” What though Lord Chesterfield superbly declared that no man of fashion would have anything to do with proverbs? Aristotle collected them; Plautus rejoiced in them; and so did Rabelais and Montaigne, Shakespeare and Cervantes, Fuller and Butler. Whole nations love them. Indeed, however they may be defined, popularity, or popular recognition, is an essential condition to their being; for without it, no saying, as Mr. Trench rightly affirms, however brief, however wise, however seasoned with salt, however worthy on all these accounts†

* In quoting a passage from the Opium-Eater’s “Letters to a Young Man whose Education has been neglected,” Mr. Trench observes, “Though it only says over again what is said above [on Wordsworth’s great philosophic distinction between Fancy and Imagination], yet it does this so much more forcibly and fully, that I shall not hesitate to quote it, and the more readily that these letters, in many respects so valuable, have never been reprinted, but lie buried in the old numbers of a magazine, like so many other of the *disjecta membra* of this illustrious master of English prose.” Yes, but we do hope at length to see these letters, and all his contributions to the *London Magazine*, reprinted in the edition of his writings now in progress. Could you but have seen us *domine illustrissime*! many a time and oft, besieging book-stalls during broiling dog-days and under pitiless snow-showers, in quest of your *disjecta membra*, surely we had not waited so long.

† One definition of a proverb being, that it is a synthesis of *shortness, sense, and salt* — i. e., it must be (1) succinct, utterable in a breath; (2) shrewd, and not the mere small-talk of conversation; (3) pointed and pungent, having a sting in it, a barb which shall not suffer it to drop lightly from the memory. With this explanation of the proverb, Mr. Trench aptly compares Martial’s admirable epigram upon epigrams:

to have become a proverb, however fulfilling all its other conditions, can yet be esteemed as such. As an instance, he cites a *mot* of Goethe's (or Schiller's?): "A man need not be an architect to live in a house," which seems to have every essential of a proverb, except only that it has not passed over upon the lips of men, nor received the stamp of popular acceptance; and however wise it may be, still it is not (at least in this form) the wisdom of many: it has not stood the test of experience; nor embodies the consenting voice of many and at different times to its wisdom and truth; it has not the value, because it has not the currency of the recognized coin of the realm.* Not however that proverbs are mostly to be traced to the populace as their author as well as authority. "They spring rather from the sound, healthy kernel of the nation whether in high place or in low; and it is surely worthy of note how large a proportion of those with the generation of which we are acquainted owe their existence to the foremost men of their time,† to its philosophers, its princes, and its kings; as it would not be difficult to show." Lord Bacon's saying, that the genius, wit, and spirit of a nation are discovered in its proverbs, is enforced and illustrated, briefly but satisfactorily, by Mr. Trench. He shows that we may learn from the proverbs current among a people what is nearest and dearest to their hearts, the aspect under which they contemplate life, how honor and dishonor are distributed among them, what is of good and what of evil report in their eyes. He passes in review the proverbs of the Greeks, which testify of a people leavened through and through with the most intimate knowledge of its own mythology, history, and poetry — teeming with an infinite multitude of slight and fine allusions to legend and national chronicle, with delicate side-glances at Hesiodic theogony and Homeric tale; — those of the Romans, comparatively few and unrefined, but often expressing a vigorous moral sense — business-like and practical, frugal and severe; — those of Spain, foremost in both quantity and quality — so rich in humor, so double-shotted with sense — gravely thoughtful, too, and breathing the very spirit of chivalry and honor and freedom; — those of Italy, too often glorifying artifice and cunning as the true guides and only safe leaders through the labyrinth of life, but sometimes not only delicately beautiful, and of a subtle wisdom not yet degenerated into cunning and deceit, but also noble and elevating;

Omne epigramma, sit instar apis; sit aculeus illi,
Sint sua mella, sit et corporis exiguus;

which he thus renders:

Three things must epigrams, like bees, have all —
A sting, and honey, and a body small.

* Mr. Trench believes the explanation of the word "proverb" to lie in the confidence with which a man appeals to it, as it were from his mere self and single fallible judgment, to a larger experience and wider conviction. He uses it *pro verbo*; he employs for and instead of his own individual word, this more general word which is every man's.

† Lord John Russell is said to have defined a proverb thus: "The wit of one man, the wisdom of many."

— those of modern Egypt, bespeaking the selfishness, the utter extinction of all public spirit, the poor, mean, sordid, and ignoble stump of the whole character of the people, with only a few faintest glimpses of that romance which one usually attaches to the East. And so on with other ethnological groups.

His comments on some of the proverbs he selects for elucidation are generally thoughtful and interesting. In the German saying, *One foe is too many: an hundred friends are too few*, he points out the sense of the sorry truth that hate is often a much more active principle than love — the hundred friends will wish you well, but the one foe will do you ill — their benevolence will be ordinarily passive, his malevolence will be constantly active, will be *animosity*, or spiritedness in evil. He quotes, *Where the devil cannot come, he will send*, as setting out to us the *penetrative* character of temptations, and the certainty that they will follow and find men out in their secretest retreats, and so rebuking the absurd supposition that by any outward arrangements, closet retirements, flights into the wilderness, sin can be kept at a distance — for temptations will inevitably overleap all these outward and merely artificial barriers. In the French proverb, *It is easy to go afoot, when one leads one's horse by the bridle*, we are taught how easy it is to stoop from state when that state may be resumed at will — how easy for one to part with luxuries and indulgences, which he only parts with exactly so long as may please himself. "No reason indeed is to be found in this comparative easiness for the not 'going afoot;' on the contrary, it may be a most profitable exercise; but every reason for not esteeming the doing so too highly, nor setting it in value beside the trudging upon foot of him, who has no horse to fall back on at whatever moment he may please." In another French proverb, *Take the first advice of a woman, and not the second*, we are certified, that in processes of reasoning, out of which the second counsels would spring, women may and will be, inferior to men; but in intuitions, moral ones above all, they surpass them far — having what Montaigne ascribes to them in a remarkable word, *l'esprit primesautier*, that which, if it is to take its prey, must take it at the first bound. Our own, *A burnt child fears the fire*, good as it is, is shown to be inferior to that proverb of many tongues, *A scalded dog fears cold water*; — for while the former expresses only that those who have once suffered will henceforward be timid in respect of that same thing from which they have suffered, the latter adds the tendency to exaggerate such fears, so that now they shall fear even where no fear is — a fact which clothes itself in a rich variety of forms: thus one Italian proverb says, *A dog which has been beaten with a stick, is afraid of its shadow*; and another, which could only have had its birth in the sunny south, where the glancing but harmless lizard so often darts across your path, *He who has been bitten by a serpent is alarmed by a lizard* — another reading of what the Jewish Rabbis had said long before, *He who has been bitten by a serpent is afraid of a rope's end*; even that which bears so remote a resemblance to a serpent as this does,

shall now inspire him with terror ; and similarly the Cingalese, with imagery borrowed from their own tropic clime, say, *The man who has received a beating from a firebrand, runs away at sight of a fire fly.*

Another proverb of many tongues, *One sword keeps another in the scabbard*, furnishes Mr. Trench with a text against the "puling yet mischievous babble of our shallow Peace Societies, which, while they profess to embody, and they only to embody, the true spirit of Christianity, proclaim themselves in fact ignorant of all which it teaches ; for they dream of having peace the fruit, while the evil root out of which have grown all the wars and fightings that have ever been in the world, namely, the lusts which stir in men's members, remain as vigorous and strong as ever." And another, *Fur-off water will not quench near fire*, is his motto for an appeal to keep our English coasts guarded by an English fleet :—"for let us only suppose that a blow were struck at the empire's heart, at the home and sanctuary of its greatness—no improbable supposition, when force and fraud are met together, and are watching their opportunity to strike it—what profit would it be then that our mighty armaments covered the distant seas, that her soldiers were winning comparatively barren victories in Africa and India?" By the way, Mr. Trench loses no opportunity of "taking a rise" out of a certain imperial personage—bidding us observe, for instance, in confirmation of the proverb *Extremes meet*, how, "as lately in France, a wild and frantic democracy may be transformed by the base trick of a conjurer into an atrocious military tyranny ;"—and again, still more bitterly, in noticing the too characteristic Egyptian proverb, *If the monkey reigns, dance before him*, he proceeds to say, "The monkey may reign in other lands besides those of the East ; but the examples in a neighboring land, not merely of statesmen and warriors, of men such as Guizot and Changarnier, but of many more in every class, erect amid a too general prostration, abundantly testify that reign as the monkeys may, *simia in purpurâ*, all will not therefore count it their part and their wisdom to dance before him." If Napoléon-le-petit should settle in Buckingham Palace, let not Mr. Trench count on a private chaplaincy : indeed, as a matter of "prudential morality," it might be well (*verbum sap.*) to eschew a too frequent discussion of so ill-esteemed a character, if regard be had to the proverb, *Talk of So-and-so in Black*, and he's sure to appear. Fancy the French Emperor's "sure appearance," press-censors *en suite*, and Mr. Trench within shot—or invited to dinner, *without* a long spoon.

THE SUPPLY OF GUANO.

To the Editor of the Economist.

SIR—In a recent number of your journal I observed a letter in reference to the supply of guano, and suggesting that a thorough search should be made in various parts of the world for this valuable commodity. As a supply of this manure is of the utmost importance to our agricultural

prosperity, I beg leave to remark that any search which may be made should be confined to those parts of the world which are *rainless*, or in which rain falls perhaps once in the four or five years—the guano found in those parts of the world where rain falls regularly being valueless, owing to rain and damp having a tendency to wash away, if I may so express myself, its fertilizing properties. As the *rainless* coast of Peru, with its guano deposits, are already appropriated, as the guano deposits of Ichaboe are exhausted, and no other places on the arid coast of South-Western Africa have been found to contain it, I would suggest that the Eastern coast of Africa should be examined minutely, and in particular the Gulf of Aden and the entrance to the Red Sea. Rain falls but seldom in this region—perhaps once in three or four years ; and, as there are numerous islets in the Gulf, deposits of guano may be found upon some of them.

I would refer, however, particularly to the Red Sea. In this sea, from the 14th to the 27th parallel of latitude, the coast on both sides is *rainless* ; it is, moreover, from the 14th parallel to the 25th, on the Arabian Coast, studded with islands, and there are several also on the Egyptian side. A search in this quarter might not prove fruitless, and might be accomplished by some of those vessels belonging to Bombay which run between Aden and that port.

On some of those parts of the Australian coast where there is little or no rain guano may exist.—I am, sir, your obedient servant.

JAMES MACNAB.

Edinburgh, Oct. 3, 1853.

From Chambers' Journal.

THE POET LARK.

The purple hills are tinged with gold,
The evening hour is drawing nigh—
And yet, near yonder cloud, behold
The lark is soaring in the sky !
Why is he there at such an hour ?
The twilight creeps the vale along,
The drowsy bee now quits the flower,
The thrush hath closed his vesper-song.

I heard him o'er the waving corn,
Herald the dawning of the day,
And now, on fluttering pinions borne,
He chants its parting roundelay.
Hark ! how the little minstrel sings,
Among the golden clouds of even,
While up he springs on trembling wings,
As if his spirit were in heaven !

Is it ambition calls him there,
There prompts so sweet a song to flow ?
Ah ! no—no, no, 'tis all for her
Who nestles in the vale below.
For her he mounts the clouds among,
For her attunes his melody—
And thus my love, expressed in song,
Is all that I can give to thee !

Translated from the Musée des Familles, for the Living Age.

FEUILLANCOURT, NEAR ST. GERMAIN-EN-LAYE.

BY ANNE T. WILBUR.

I. TO THE PROMENADERS OF ST. GERMAIN.

THE thousands of Parisians, foreigners and the curious, whom the fine season brings to St. Germain-en-Laye think they have admired everything in this fashionable residence, when they have visited the pavilion of Henry IV., the parterre, the atmospheric machines, the terrace, and the forest.

This is an important error, and we must charitably undeceive them.

They have seen there only the modern St. Germain, St. Germain the younger; they are ignorant of the real antiquities, the true letters of nobility of the royal city.

These antiquities and letters of nobility are buried in the two quarters from which all promenaders turn away, which no ciccone points at or shows them, and of which the one is now only a wretched faubourg, and the other has lost all but its official name; we speak of the Fonds de St. Leger and of the Valley of Feuillancourt (*Fillioli* or *Filiacum curtiss*).

Feuillancourt! where is that? exclaim those who pretend to know St. Germain, perhaps some who have inhabited it since their birth.

Feuillancourt, gentlemen, we reply, history in hand,—Feuillancourt is, with the Pecq of St. Leger, the cradle of St. Germain-en-Laye! Kings had there their fortress, queens their chateau, bishops their abbey, saints their chapel, several centuries before the citadel of Louis le Gros, Francis I., Henry IV. and Louis XIII. displayed its turrets of brick above the forest of Iveline.

But where then is Feuillancourt?

Give us your hand, and accompany us in the review and memories of the dead. Each stone shall relate to us a legend, and each step show us a phantom, which you have passed by a thousand times, without the least suspicion of their existence.

II. ANCIENT FEUILLANCOURT.—AUPEC.—ST. LEGER.—A MARTYR.

And first, since we are treating you as pupils, let us take the longest route, were it only to avoid the frightful Rue de Marail.

We are on the ancient road to Paris, which is now only the road to Versailles.

The Pecq, which we leave on the left as we descend, was called Aupec before the seventh century, and served as a residence for the Merovingian kings.

Thierry III. learned there one day the following story:

Childeric II. his rival brother and predecessor, had left the crown of Austrasia to St. Leger, (Lentger) Bishop of Autun, and regent under Clotaire III., with Queen Bathilde.

The famous Ebrouin, who supported Thierry III., at first beaten with his protégé, imprisoned at Luxeuil and saved by Lentger, took a brilliant revenge when he became mayor of the palace,

that is to say, master of the kingdom, by the death of Childeric and the accession of Thierry.

While the powers of the latter, *roi faineant*, par excellence, were limited to chasing the boar in the forest of Laye and returning to his manor of Aupec on a cart drawn by four oxen, Ebrouin assembled an army and besieged Lentger in Autun, summoning him to recognize, in place of Thierry, a certain Clovis, the pretended son of Clotaire.

The menaced prelate was counselled to leave the city.

"I belong to my flock," said he, "and I will guard it to my latest day."

Then he distributed to the poor his treasure and that of his church. He ordered a fast and solemn processions. He prostrated himself at each door, crying to God:

"Lord, if thou grantest me the grace of a martyr, spare my faithful flock!"

The inhabitants, animated by such an example, defended themselves heroically. But Lentger, seeing them perish, wrested the arms from their hands, and sent to ask the leader of the besiegers on what conditions he would ensure the safety of the Autunois.

"I demand," replied the lieutenant of Ebrouin, "that the bishop acknowledge Clovis and deliver himself up to my master."

"To acknowledge Clovis," replied Lentger, "is impossible; my legitimate king is Thierry III., whom I fought against when he was opposed to Childeric, but for whom I ought to-day to die. To deliver myself up is another thing, and it is easy; I will offer myself to-morrow for the ransom of my people. *The good shepherd giveth his life for the sheep.*"

(Remember these words, reader; another Lentger will repeat them here twelve centuries after; they are the sublime Alpha and Omega of this chronicle of Feuillancourt.)

In fact, St. Leger immediately took leave of his flock. He put on his festival attire, took the cross and the mitre, received the viaticum in his cathedral, reached with an unwavering step the gate of the city, caused it to be opened, notwithstanding the general supplications, and went, with high head and resigned heart, directly to the enemy's camp.

So much courage and devotion might have appeased tigers.

Ebrouin caused the eyes of Lentger to be put out, and threw him into a forest that he might die there of hunger.

The martyr remained several days without eating, and when his executioner, Count Vainer, came to seek his corpse, he was so astonished to find him living that he led him home, concealed him, and took care of him.

He even gave him the plate of the church of Autun, pillaged by the soldiers; but, instead of carrying off this treasure, the prelate caused it to be distributed among the poor of the village.

He afterwards languished two years in a monastery. Ebrouin, weary of his life, brought him thence for new sufferings, dragged him barefooted over sharp pebbles, caused his tongue and lips to be cut off, despoiled him of his clothes, and rolled him in the mire of the public roads.

At last, seeing that he still lived and spoke, he summoned him before a suborned tribunal, which condemned him to degradation and death.

His pontifical robe was publicly torn from him, and he was decapitated in a clearing of the forest of Iveline.

This was what Thierry learned in his manor of Aupec.

At this intelligence, the *roi fainéant* aroused himself, and avenged the memory of Lentger, by dedicating to him a church in the valley of Feuillancourt, on the little river of Buzot, near the faubourg which is still called St. Leger.

We will take the route of this historic valley, leaving the public road before Monte Christo, to descend to the right in the Fonds de l'Hopital.

III. BLANCHE OF CASTILLE.—LE BURET.—ST. LOUIS.—THE OLD INVALID.—THE MARCHIONESS DE MONTESPAN.—THE HOSPITAL.

But at this word hospital, two new figures rise on our passage ;

Figures strangely opposite and which touch here like two extremes ;

The one grave, severe, almost saint-like, in the imposing costume of the thirteenth century, sword and sceptre in hand, educating a hero, governing a state, reigning over and regulating a whole age ;

The other gay and superb, covered with diamonds and laces, seated on the steps of the throne, guiding or rather leading astray the court of a great king ;

In a word, Blanche of Castille, the mother of St. Louis, and Madame de Montespán, the favorite of Louis XIV.

Let us first follow the mother of St. Louis.

On the ground traversed by the Rue de l'Hopital, between the hospital itself and the villa we are about to enter, in this whole valley of Feuillancourt, now encumbered with ruins, vegetable gardens and tanneries, formerly carpeted with green turf, interspersed with streams, shaded with tufted trees, rose and lay extended in 1210, the chateau and the park of Bouret, the favorite residence of Blanche of Castille.

A hundred years before, this chateau was already very ancient, so that its origin was lost in the mists of the Middle Ages.

The illustrious Queen of France, the beautiful and pious wife of Louis VIII., enjoyed herself at Bouret almost as much as at Poissy.

Poissy was her palace ; Bouret her country-house. At Poissy she dictated laws, chastised the rebellious, saved France. At Bouret she forgot greatness, took care of the poor and the sick ; formed the mind and heart of St. Louis. There a firm and formidable sovereign and warrior, here she was a happy wife and adored mother.

It was at Bouret that she made of Louis IX. the hero whom Voltaire himself calls "the model of men, Christians and kings ; the monarch the most economical and most liberal, most politic and most just, wisest and most intrepid ; he who has carried farthest glory and virtue."

It was at Bouret that Blanche said to Louis, the day on which he entered upon the age of

reason : "Know that I would rather see you die than guilty of a mortal sin."

It was at Bouret that a fine young man of fourteen, already tall and robust, with mild and majestic face, fair hair, with simple, calm and modest manners, met, one evening, a sick old man, fallen with exhaustion on the road.

He approaches him, interrogates him kindly, and learns that he is without shelter and without resource.

He attempts to raise him and bear him away, but his strength is insufficient, or he fears to hurt the old man.

Two strangers pass, two peasants of the neighborhood.

The young man summons one of them to the assistance of the invalid.

"Let him get up himself or die," replied the selfish man ; "why should he live, if he is good for nothing ?"

The young man was about to quit the invalid to attack this wretch, when the other peasant, stopping him mildly, said :

"Do not disturb yourself ; clemency and charity are cousins-german. Let us with one hand pardon the guilty brother, and with the other relieve the unfortunate one."

"You speak better than a sage," replied the young man, softened, "you speak like a Christian. You will then aid me to carry this sick man home ?"

"Unless you will assist me to carry him to my house ; but I suspect by your dress that he will fare better with you."

"It is possible ; come then."

"Do you live far from here ?"

"A few steps only."

And, raising the poor wretch, they crossed the valley beneath this burden.

Arrived before a massive pont-levis, the young man stopped, and said :

"It is here."

The peasant looked and recognized the royal escutcheon.

"But this is the chateau of Bouret, the chateau of Queen Blanche."

"It is. So much the better for the wounded man."

"You are then of the household of the queen ?"

"Yes, I am of her household."

At the same time the young man sounded the horn in a peculiar manner.

And at this signal a throng of varlets, of pages and equerries, with torches in their hands, hastened to him.

In short, by the honors which surrounded his companion, at sight of the queen herself, who came forward saying : "My son !" the astonished peasant recognized Louis IX.

"You see that I am of the household," said the monarch, simply.

"*Ma foi !*" replied the countryman, encouraged by so much modesty, "I believed you, sire, to be still at the Cathedral of Rheims."

This scene in fact took place but a short time after the coronation of Louis IX., who had come with his mother to rest at Bouret after the pompous fatigues of this ceremony.

The villager was about to retire, when the king, detaining him by a gesture, said :

" Ah ! I did not bid you adieu. Go embrace your family and your children, and return to-morrow with them all to Bouret ; for I mean that you also shall be of the household."

The good man was going away joyfully, as you may believe.

" What is your name ?" again asked Louis IX.

" Jean Bienvenu, at your service."

" Well, you will ask for the king, tell your name, and your name will not be a falsehood. To-morrow !"

" To-morrow, sire, and good-night."

The wish was useless ; each had the best of pillows.

The next morning, at daybreak, Jean Bienvenu, his father, mother, uncle, aunt, three brothers, two sisters and eight children, male and female, all in Sunday clothes and arranged according to their height, presented themselves solemnly at the pont-levis of the chateau of Bouret.

They were received very cordially. The mother and aunt became the nurses of the old man, and the king asked the others what occupation they preferred.

" Ma foi !" replied men and women, Jean Bienvenu at their head, " we are millers from father to son, and, saving your respect, the station of miller suits us better than that of king."

" More and more wise !" said Louis IX. " Be then the millers of Feuillancourt."

And, by good deeds on parchment, he gave them six acres of his land of Bouret, with the money necessary to build there six wind and water mills.

Such was the origin of the first mills of Buzot and the hill which commands it. Several of these mills still exist ; others have given place to manufactories.

After having recompensed the good peasant, Louis IX. wished to learn the name of the bad one. He was called Guillaume Boursy. The king saw him again, ten years afterwards, under the following circumstances.

Louis had at Bouret, as at Vincennes, as at La Sainte Chapelle, his tree of justice, at the foot of which he was the justice of peace of his kingdom, " five hundred years before conciliatory tribunals were instituted."

One day, a peasant, broken down by sickness, dragged to the feet of the king, sitting on his throne of turf, his two sons, who refused him the succors necessary to his condition.

" What is your name ?" asked Louis IX.

" Guillaume Boursy," replied the peasant.

" O Providence !" said the monarch to himself, remembering to whom the name belonged.

" What do you wish of your sons ?"

" A bed and the food which I can no longer earn ; I stagger at every step, and should fall on the road, but for the charity of the benevolent."

The king seemed to deliberate, and pronounced the following decree :

" Let him rise himself or die ! Why should he live if he is no longer good for anything ?"

Every bad action has its remorse, and remorse is eternal. So the justice of God has decreed.

The peasant recognized the cruel words he had himself uttered, ten years before, to the old man who had fallen in the road. He started and looked at the king tremblingly.

" Ah ! ah !" said Louis IX., " you at last recognize the young man to whom you spoke in that manner, when you selfishly walked away. Now you need aid in your turn ; the young man has become your judge, and you have yourself dictated the sentence. Well, I pardon you, and spare you the fate you have deserved ; obtain the pardon of God as you have that of the king."

And Louis, giving an asylum to the penitent, condemned his sons to support him at their expense.

Judgment of a king and a Christian better than that of Solomon.

Five hundred years after these two adventures the chateau and the park of Bouret no longer existed. In their stead, or on one side, rose a house built by Mansard, a pavilion of which is still crumbling, at the entrance of the Rue Bergette. This house was inhabited by the Marquise de Montespan.

Now, on a fine day in 1680, the marquise, armed for war, that is to say, resplendent with dress, wit and grace, notwithstanding her thirty-nine years, left Feuillancourt for Versailles, where she was to lose or gain, at a review of the guards, her battle of Agincourt.

For some years her star had paled, eclipsed by that of Madame Maintenon, whom she ironically called Madame de *Maintenant*.

The evening before, in a lively scene, the marquise had summoned Louis XIV. to decide between herself and her rival, offering her resignation of the office of superintendent to the late queen, if, at the review of the morning, she was not invited into the carriage of the king, with four *gardes du corps* at the door.

Such had been for twelve years the sign of his high favor — which to-day Madame de Maintenon disputed with her, it is known with what ambitious projects.

The marquise arrived in the grand court of the palace. Her beauty, her dress and her smile eclipsed the severe dignity and black gimps of the widow Scarron. No person doubted her triumph, least of all the marquise herself.

Louis XIV. appeared like a sun with all his court ; the royal carriage advanced, surrounded by the *gardes du corps*. A gesture from his august hand was about to decide the drama which was making all hearts beat. The two rivals awaited it, face to face, pale and trembling with emotion.

Suddenly the king saluted them both, passed between them majestically, and summoned to his carriage, — guess who — a third *larron*, the most unexpected and the least feared, that provincial statue who had been surnamed *belle et bile*, — in a word, the Duchess de Fontanges.

Louis XIV. had found only this gallant method to dispose of the two competitors.

After the judgment of the Christian king, the judgment of the great king. Let the first, accustomed to pardoning, excuse this association !

Judge of the *coup de theatre* !

La Maintenon supported it with calmness, like

a woman who knows how to wait ; but La Montespan, thunderstruck, threw herself into her carriage and regained Feuillancourt at a gallop.

There she wrote the resignation of her office and the farewell to Louis XIV., which he accepted, reimbursing her by two hundred thousand crowns, the value of this office. Then the ex-favorite passed a week in convulsions and tears ; after which she threw herself into the arms of the only true consoler — religion.

Then a good priest of St. Germain related to her the anecdote of St. Louis, inhabiting Feuillancourt five centuries before her, and carrying the aged invalids on his shoulders to his chateau of Bourret.

" Monsieur Abbé," replied the marquise, illuminated from on high, " in memory of so good a king, and in expiation of my sins, I will cause an hospital for the aged to be built here."

And taking the deed of two hundred thousand crowns, which Louis XIV. had addressed to her, she added, with a tear which redeemed her life :

" Here are the funds necessary for this establishment."

The hospital soon arose near the house of the favorite.

Afterwards, enlarged by Louis XIV., it took the name of *Hopital General*, which it has given to the principal street of Feuillancourt.

It still exists there in its imposing mass, visible from the neighboring hills. It is a true monument, for the solid amplitude of its distributions, its façade, and especially its vaulted chapel. Degraded to-day by two manufactories, we cannot comprehend that the city should hesitate to restore it to its pious destination.

This would be a noble moral to join to the ruins of the Pavilion Montespan.

Such are the ancient chronicles of Feuillancourt.

Let us add to them King Robert dragging here the chain of excommunication ; the Normans arrested in this valley by the gloomy aspect of the forest of Laye ; St. Erambert, born at Feuillancourt, and building there a chapel to St. Saturnin, whence his relics passed to the church of Chambois ; the Black Prince, at the age of fifteen, sacking this country, at the head of the English, &c., &c.

IV. MODERN FEUILLANCOURT. — THE VILLA. — ITS HISTORY. — THE LITTLE GRAY COAT. — M. USQUIN. SOUVENIRS AND ANECDOTES. — QUEEN HORTENSE AND THE BONAPARTES. — THE BRANCH OF BIGNONIA. — THE IVY OF J. J. ROUSSEAU. — THE DUC DE NOAILLES.

And now let us forget these ancient legends, and these ruins of the past ; let us leave the gloomy dwellings, and still more gloomy factories, which are spread out like ulcers on this landscape, and visit the only and charming oasis of the poor faubourg — the Italian villa and English park, whither memories so pleasant and faces so kindly attract us.

The entrance is grand and monumental. On the left is a fountain playing in a basin of bronze ; on the right, further along, the greenhouse, sparkling in the rising sun ; in the avenue, giant trees

protecting beds of flowers ; in the distance, between two terraces and starry magnolias, the white house on a high platform, ornamented with antique vases, and overshadowed by large trees ; the elegant and noble architecture of Italian palaces ; — so much for the first glance.

Examined near and within, the monument is still more worthy of the name. It is no longer the fashion to build with such amplitude and generosity. Cellars vaulted like chapels, a Homeric kitchen, where the fireplace would roast an ox ; a spacious and well lighted vestibule ; a stone stairway reminding one of that of the Council of State ; a grand apartment for receptions, occupying the whole of the *rez-de-chaussée*, opening on the park by semi-circular doors and windows ; wainscots decorated with the purest reliefs from Herculeanum and Pompeii ; landscapes from the magisterial brush of Van-der-Burch, the worthy brother, if we are not mistaken, of the author of the *Gamin of Paris*.

Such is the edifice, and this is the history of its building.

There was, once upon a time, before the Revolution, an attorney's clerk, who was finishing his studies — and his growth. Thanks to his studies, the youth promised to become a man of merit ; but, thanks to his growth, his pantaloons were too short, and his gray coat too small. In this disadvantageous dress, he met, at a party in the country, a charming lady. She made his heart beat, and he was dying with the desire to tell her so ; but, seeing her laugh at his plumage, he dared not attempt to sing, and a better-dressed rival served the cheese. His studies finished, in his turn well-dressed, and having become an attorney, the ex-clerk solicited the hand of the lady. O fatality of a first impression ! In the accomplished attorney the lady saw only the imperfect clerk, and preferred his rival, who was a provincial Cræsus.

Now, the Revolution having passed over both, the little Cræsus and his better half found themselves still smaller, while the despised attorney rose as his talents encountered and overcame obstacles.

The commencement of his wealth was honorable. A family of emigrants had their whole fortune to save from Republican claws. The most skilful lawyers thought the enterprise impossible. Our attorney nobly undertook it at his own risk and peril. And he contended so well, with his mind and heart, his pen and tongue, that he succeeded in wresting from the confiscator his prey, and repaired one day, in a magnificent equipage, with a portfolio beneath his arm, to the despoiled family.

The portfolio contained the fortune of his clients untouched, and the equipage was a graceful present from the attorney.

The family saved, deserved indeed to be so, for it willed that its deliverer should ride in his carriage, and his admirable act was an excellent affair for him. In short, his fame bringing him good fortune, the magistrate, a great personage in his turn, soon added to his equipage a chateau, that of Feuillancourt, built with the fruits of his labor, near some tanneries which he had purchased.

The rumor of it went the rounds, and the curious thronged to the city, so that a lady came there one day from a distance of fifty leagues. The chatelain received her in triumph, showed her his house and his park, and displayed their marvels. But the more gracious and polite the Amphitryon became, the more gloomy and sorrowful was the visitor. At last, as she was about to quit this abode of human felicity, on entering the fine carriage which was offered to take her home, she threw a bewildered glance on all she had just seen, and fell swooning at the feet of the former clerk.

The visitor was the lady who had formerly rejected the *little gray coat*! She had refused to believe, and had wished to judge with her own eyes all she had sacrificed to a caprice; but, finding the reality exceed the picture, expiated the caprice by giving way to her remorse.

She did not die, but remained inconsolable.

The hero of this adventure, who related it to us thirty years afterwards with a smile so delicate, M. Usquin, who has passed through four revolutions, visited the villa of Feuillancourt, about the year 1794.

Hunted then as a royalist by the last Jacobins, he received, in the retreat where he concealed himself, the visit of a young architect, M. Bonard, who has since built, on the quay d'Orsay, the beautiful palace of the Consol d'Etat. To know M. Usquin, was to love him. M. Bonard, therefore, loved him, and became his messenger to his family. In conversation with the architect, the proprietor of Feuillancourt submitted to him the plans, sketched in his solitude, of the house which he wished to build in his garden. M. Bonard added to them his Roman souvenirs, and that stairway which he has reproduced on a larger scale at the Consol d'Etat.

Set free by better days, M. Usquin confided to M. Bonard the execution of his plan; and his Italian villa, as soon as completed, became the admiration and resort of his friends, of whom many have left these illustrious memories.

We shall meet these memories, with their shades, beneath the magnificent trees of the park.

And first, before leaving the saloon, look at that pale and proud gentleman who is playing at *trio-trac* with the chatelain, while his daughter, like the Camilla of the poet, bounds, like a spoiled child, in the friendly Eden. This gentleman is a country neighbor, M. Decan de Chatouville. He also has known his unfortunate days, devotions and proscriptions, when, surrounded in his villa of Port Marly (occupied to-day by M. Blaque Belair, opposite Monte Christo), he converted into sacks of corn for the poor, the value of his salary, reimbursed in fictitious assignats; when he went to Mans for grain, at the peril of his head, for his famished commune; when he offered the terrorists snuff in his snuff-box ornamented with a portrait of Marie Antoinette; when he reopened to trembling religion the church of his parish, closed since 1792.

But we are in the park, surrounded by streams which descend from the mountains, warblingly by parterres of flowers, and beds of turf, beneath tapestry of the ivy, the clematis, and the aristoloché, in the shade of giants of vegetation assembled from every quarter of the globe.

Who are this throng of young girls attended by this dignified woman? This woman is Mme. Campan, whose celebrated house occupies the Rue des Ursulines; these young girls are her pupils, who come here to draw after nature. Most will shine one day in the first ranks, in the world, in the army, at the academies, in embassies, at court. We might name a hundred, and not exhaust the list of heroes and great men of whom they will be the sisters, wives, or mothers. It will suffice us to name one, who already eclipses the others by her grace, and who will soon eclipse them in greatness. She is not drawing; she is meditating an elegy under this tall beech; she is humming a song to the sound of the streamlet; and this poetry and this music flow naturally from her heart, as the stream from its exhaustless spring. This young girl is Hortense de Beauharnais. Josephine, her mother, is about to become empress; she herself, a short time afterwards, will become queen. But she will always prefer to the diamonds of the crown the poetry and the melody found at Feuillancourt or at Arenenberg.

Those two scholars accosting each other in the alley of plane-trees are the future Prince Eugene de Beauharnais, and the future Prince Jerome Bonaparte, both pupils at the school of M. Maeder-Mott, and who little suspect, as they play at *barres* with M. Usquin, that they will be, one day, the one Viceroy of Italy, son-in-law and father-in-law of kings and of emperors, the other King of Westphalia, afterwards presumptive heir of the French empire, under Napoleon III., the son of this young Hortense, whom he holds by the hand. O human destinies!

Here are other personages to whom the chatelain is doing the honors of his park; Bourrienne, the private secretary of Napoleon, afterwards his minister, and that of Louis XVIII.; the Count Dubois, prefect of the police of the empire, a great amateur of horticulture; the Marquis Garnier, President of the Senate; the Count de Montalivet, minister and father of a minister; the Count Roy, who has so many parks, and who has not a tree as beautiful as these; the magistrates, Belard, Muraire, Bonnet, &c., all friends of the former clerk.

But let us follow this other visitor, whom M. Usquin and M. Bonard accompany with so much solicitude. See how he seeks and admires the trees of America, which grow here as on their native soil. See how he busies himself with delight in this sombre avenue, sublime nave of a temple of vegetation, immense organ, which the breeze makes to resound, a spot of virgin forest in the midst of civilization, a page from Natchez or from Atala.

In fact, the visitor is occupied with Atala. This branch of bignonia, which he cuts off and carries away, with M. Usquin's permission, he is about to paint at home with an inspired brush; it will be the immortal seal of his most beautiful *chef d'œuvre*, for this man is the great painter, Girodet Trioson.

You have all remarked, at the Museum of the Louvre, the branch which so gracefully crowns the rock of the tomb of Atala. This branch was gathered at Feuillancourt, by the hand of M. Girodet, and reproduced with his pencil on can-

vas, as we have just related. Is not such a souvenir another letter of nobility?

Is this all? No. Let us listen to this charming old man and this great lady, who also receive the hospitality of M. Usquin. It is the Princess de Vaudemont, a lover of rare plants, and the famous Chevalier de Boufflers, the hussar, poet, academicien, governor of Senegal, the author of *Aline, Queen of Golconda*, the personification of French gallantry and wit.

He has reached the age of eighty, but his eye is as delicate as his limbs, his tongue as active as his hand. Hear the curious story, which he relates to his host, about his predecessor at Feuillancourt, the botanist, Trochereau, and the philosopher, J. J. Rousseau, who planted with his own hand a colossal ivy which twines around a tall poplar. M. Trochereau was a genuine *savant*. He would have given his blood for an exotic vegetable; he would have risked his soul for an unknown plant. If any one had proposed to him the choice between an empire and a blade of grass, he would without hesitation have chosen the blade of grass. With this passion of his whole life, he had made of the ground he possessed, between the estate d'Usquin and the street St. Radegonde, a true Jardin des Plantes, the envy of the great noblemen in the neighborhood, and of the Marechal Duc de Noailles himself, who had just created so beautiful a park at St. Germain.

M. Trochereau was, besides, a decided Latinist. One found in his garden, as in a library, all the poets of Rome, in mottoes on the stones, the benches, the trees, the flowers, &c.; *membra disiecta poete*. The inscription, which may still be read over the door of Feuillancourt, *Sollicita jucunda oblivia vile*, was the work of M. Trochereau. It was a concession made by M. Usquin to the memory of the *savant*, when he bought his grounds and fine trees in 1792.

M. Trochereau had a third passion; he adored Jean Jacques Rousseau, doubtless as a botanist. This passion had its joys and its griefs. Here is a specimen. The anecdote paints the author of the *Confessions* from head to foot.

It was a long time before M. Usquin. M. Trochereau was embellishing his garden of Feuillancourt, without fear of encroaching neighbors. This garden extended, as we have said, along the Ruelle St. Radegonde, and to its summit. Lower down, near the Rue de l'Hopital, myriads of flowers adorned a parterre where grew shrubs, since become giants. A small house and a large greenhouse faced the street. The remainder of the grounds to the summit formed an orchard and a grove of exotic trees. The avenue of plane-trees, now so admirable, was a part of this grove, which M. Trochereau called *L'Elysée*.

It was there that he walked, philosophized, and herbORIZED with his friend J. J. Rousseau, who visited him from his hermitage of Montmorency. Both doubtless cursed humanity and civilization, and regretted that they did not walk on four feet, or vegetate and flourish like rose-bushes.

One day M. Trochereau wished to consecrate for posterity the visit of Jean Jacques at Feuillancourt. He brought him several ivies (*lieries*) — this was the favorite shrub of the man — and Rousseau planted them with his own hand in *L'Elysée*.

That which ascends to the clouds with the poplar, bears still and will long bear the souvenir of the author of *Emile*. It is a giant, whose equal in strength and picturesque beauty it would be difficult to find, even in Italy.

The friendship of Jean Jacques and M. Trochereau was less solid than the union of the ivy and the poplar, writes M. Usquin, the son, to whom we are indebted for this valuable anecdote, which he had from the lips of the Chevalier Boufflers.

The botanist of Feuillancourt visited the Duc de Noailles. The latter had the curiosity to see Jean Jacques, and prayed M. Trochereau to bring him.

"Bring Jean Jacques to you!" exclaimed the *savant*; "you ask an impossibility! He visits me only on condition that I close my door to everybody! It would be easier to present a Huron to the King of France."

"Propose it to him."

"I shall be very careful not to do so. He would never pardon me in his life."

"Then conduct him hither without his knowing it. Provided I see him, I care little how. If you succeed I will give you this *gingo biloba* (a Chinese shrub)."

M. Trochereau opened his eyes wide, and no longer found the thing impossible. The botanist became an accomplice, and conceived a Machiavelique plan.

The next day he went with Rousseau to herboreize in the forest of St. Germain. When they perceived the railing of a park, a human figure, a cavalier, or a carriage, the philosopher would throw himself into a thicket, cursing all the tyrannies of earth.

"Let us bury ourselves in the wood," said he, at last, to his companion, "let us rejoin the deer and wild boar, those children of nature."

"Come, be it so," said M. Trochereau, following his friend into the bushes. But he misled him so completely that he brought him back towards the park of Noailles, while he thought he was going towards the wild beasts.

Suddenly they perceived a wall, and Jean Jacques recoiled with horror.

"Reassure yourself," said the botanist, "this is not a habitation; it is a ruin."

It was really such in appearance.

"This is fortunate!" exclaimed Rousseau, who believed himself in a desert, and fell into an ecstasy over the creviced walls.

"O ancient ivies!" added he with eloquence, "crush this abode of the old despots. Grass and wild flowers, cover its ruins. Eternal oaks, sow here the acorn of Eden for regenerated humanity. Ah! how freely one breathes here, far from the barbarians of civilization!"

He had not finished this fine sentence when he saw emerge from the ruins a majestic and smiling figure, a powdered peruke, a coat of velvet embroidered with gold, the Marechal de Noailles in person, whom M. Trochereau saluted, enjoying the surprise.

The pretended ruin was an entrance to the ducal park, and the herbORIZATION a plot of the botanist to gain the *gingo biloba*.

"Enter, gentlemen," said the Marechal, grace-

fully, "I am happy at this meeting, permit me to profit by it." And pointing out the path to the promenaders, he preceded them in the avenue to the chateau.

The botanist eagerly followed him. But when the Duc turned to speak to Rousseau, the philosopher had disappeared as if through a trap-door.

After having remained a moment astounded, petrified, enraged, Jean Jacques had thrown himself, like a wolf, into a thicket, and it was impossible to recover traces of him.

M. Trochereau did not hear from him till two days after. He had fled directly to Montmorency, whence he wrote to his friend these words :

"You are a traitor and a coward ! You have exposed me, like a curious beast, to the derision of the great ; you can expect only my malediction. All is over between us !"

The Duc de Noailles laughed till he cried at this adventure ; and as in fact he had seen Jean Jacques, he presented the *gingo biloba* to the botanist.

It was the only consolation which remained to the latter, with the ivy planted by the philosopher.

V. MADAME REIZET. — ANOTHER MARTYR. — THE BENCH OF MONSIEUR AFFRE. — THE CHAPEL OF ST. RADEGONDE. — M. WALLUT. — ACTUAL CONDITION.

After the death of M. Usquin, whose memory will always be blessed at Feuillancourt, his fine estate was purchased, in 1843, by Madame Reizet (widow of the regent of the Bank of France), who embellished it with a pond, an island of flowers, and cascades, the view of which from the reception hall is enchanting ; then with a second pond, shaded by a willow, and a pavilion of rock work, surmounted by a belfry, where the chatelaine corresponded by signals with her old friend, Count Elzéar de Sabran, the worthy twin brother of the Chevalier de Boufflers.

But let us pause before another souvenir of Madame Reizet, and recall here St. Leger and his heroic devotion.

In the month of June, 1848, of so bloody memory, an illustrious prelate was sitting on this bench which to-day bears his name. Some one was relating to him the chronicles of Feuillancourt, not forgetting that of the Bishop of Autun.

Arrived at these words of St. Leger, about to ransom his flock with his blood — *The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep* — the narrator was interrupted by a message sent to the prelate. This message announced to him the commencement of the frightful civil war which was about to revive in Paris the horrors of the times of barbarism.

The prelate dropped a tear on the despatch, and rising with calm resolution, himself finished the narrative of the journey of Lentger, and of his martyrdom at the camp of Ebroin.

Then, seeing his auditors pale and trembling at what they divined, he said to them, on leaving Feuillancourt :

"Courage and adieu ; since there are still Ebroins, there must also be St. Legers. Pray for me and for my flock, like the friends of the Bishop of Autun. I must repair to my post, at Paris, between the two conflicting parties."

And, imposing silence to their protestations, he went away, repeating these words of St. Leger : *The good shepherd giveth his life for his sheep.*

This prelate was Monseigneur Affre, whose archiepiscopal villa is still at St. Germain, and who died, a few days afterwards, as you know, like St. Leger, struck by the barbarians of the Faubourg St. Antoine, at the moment of his extending to them the olive-branch of peace and pardon.

Judge with what care and what respect are preserved, at Feuillancourt, this bench and its inscription : *Here sat Monseigneur Affre !*

Madame Reizet also caused to be rebuilt, in her park, the ancient chapel of St. Radegonde, whose origin dates from the seventh century.

In 1850, at the sale of the Reizet succession, chapel, villa, park, souvenirs, streamlets, trees and flowers, all the beauty and glory of Feuillancourt were about to perish beneath the hammer of the black band, that cloud of carrion crows who follow revolutions on the track of blood and ruins ; when all was ransomed and saved by one of those fortunate sages to whom Heaven has given wealth for the interest of society, by a man of heart and mind, by M. Wallut, a contributor of the *Musée des Familles*.

It is at Feuillancourt that our valued and witty co-laborer, worthy son of the proprietor, meditates and prepares those charming pieces of which the Gymnasium has presented a specimen to applause, and the proverbs and sketches with which he but too rarely enriches our magazine.

It is there that a chatelaine, who by her virtues and graceful hospitality deserves the name, does the honors of his park and villa, with the charm and distinction of olden time, to the savants, artists and curious, who are attracted thither by the fame of the habitation, or the persons of its inhabitants.

Not only has M. Wallut respected and preserved the works of his predecessors ; the chapel of St. Radegonde, the rare and beautiful plants of M. Trochereau, the ivy of Jean Jacques, the *gingo biloba* of the Duc de Noailles, the edifice of M. Bonard, the bignonia of Girodet Trioson, the ponds and fountains of Madame Reizet, the sacred bench of the martyr-archbishop, the virgin alley where Queen Hortense meditated, which Beauharnais and Jerome Bonaparte traversed ; the giant magnolias, which bear their fragrant stars to the very roof ; the unrivalled clematis and aristoloches which shade the chapel with their aspiring festoons ; the prodigious beeches, beneath which a whole battalion might find shelter ; the *mico coulier* of Provence, the keruteria of Japan, the silvery cedars of Lebanon, of Virginia, the pines of Lord Weymouth, the lime-trees of Canada, the sophoras and tulip trees, and all that marvellous forest, convoked hither from two hemispheres, and which has assumed, in the groves and beside the streams of this terrestrial paradise, dimensions and aspects, lights and shadows, which confound the pencil of the artist and the imagination of the poet.

But M. Wallut has just completed this fairy assemblage by an embellishment of the best taste and the most graceful effect, in transforming the old garden of Trochereau into a meadow with verdant slopes and soft prospectives, animated

with a new piece of water and an English river, with bridges and cascades.

Thrice fortunate Feuillancourt, to have fallen

into such good hands ! Such will be the refrain of all amateurs who, after having seen it, shall say : *Au revoir !*

TANNING WITHOUT BARK.

In the last number of the *Journal of the Society of Arts* there is some account of a discovery in tanning hides, which — however interesting in a scientific point of view, or profitable to the dealers in leather — will prove anything but consolatory to many country gentlemen. If successful to the extent which the inventor anticipates, indeed, this new process will enormously depreciate the value of woodland property, by destroying the markets for one of its most remunerative products, viz., oak-bark. Timber has fallen in value until it is often barely worth cutting, much less growing; and the use of bark, it now seems but too probable, will be superseded to a degree which will render it not worth stripping from the parent trunk. The following account of the new discovery is given by the society : —

It was stated in the *Mechanics' Magazine* of September 18, 1852, that a Mr. Preller had taken out a patent for preparing skins with materials of which bark formed no part. He used, on the one hand, vegetable substances, consisting largely of starch, and containing little gluten, such as barley-flour, rice-flour, or even starch itself; on the other, butter, milk, grease, and other fatty animal matters; to which he added salt or saltpetre in certain proportions. With this mixture skins prepared in the usual manner are smeared, after which they are agitated in a revolving cylinder for a certain length of time, when they quickly become ready for the currier. This method of treatment is attended with such advantages in the course of manufacture, and in the character of the produced article, as to promise nothing short of a complete revolution in the arts of the tanner. A large factory in Southwark has been fitted up by Mr. Preller, where he is carrying on his manufacture to a very considerable extent, and with a degree of success which could hardly have been supposed would attend his efforts in the comparatively short time which has elapsed since he began. His leathers have already acquired a high reputation in the market, and are rapidly getting into favor for a variety of manufacturing purposes, especially for driving-bands, for which their superior strength, flexibility, uniformity of texture, and durability, render them eminently serviceable. The peculiar merits of Preller's method are said to be these. It reduces the weight of leather, and at the same time increases its strength; and this takes place to such a degree that it has been found that oak-tanned leather of three-eighths of an inch in thickness is incapable of resisting a strain which Preller's leather, one-fourth of an inch in thickness, will resist in constant working. A strip of a yard long, about half an inch in width, and one-eighth thick, gave way with a breaking weight of 6 cwt. 20 lbs., while ox-hide, well tanned or the oak-bark

system, and of the same dimensions, could only resist a strain of 5 cwt. Sheepskins, kidskins, and some other species of leather, which in general may be torn asunder in the hands with the exercise of only a small degree of force, acquire in this process a strength which is quite surprising. Another great advantage in the new process is represented to consist in saving time in preparing. The thickest ox-hide requires only two days and a half to be fully converted. Under the most favorable circumstances it now requires four or five weeks' subjection to the tanning liquor. Under the old process of tanning, in which the hides were placed in a pit, with layers of tan to separate them, and afterwards filled with water, a very considerable period has been known to elapse during the process; sometimes amounting to four years. The walrus-skin exhibited in the Great Exhibition took no less than four years to tan; but Mr. Preller estimated that by his mode of treatment the conversion would be perfect in sixty hours, allowing six periods of agitation in the drum, each of ten hours' duration. It is further stated that leather prepared thus, without tan, possesses greatly-increased capacity for resisting the passage of water, combined with remarkable suppleness; so that for boots and shoes it is far preferable to tanned leather. For the West and East Indies, in particular, this quality is highly advantageous, and for the supply of troops would probably be found to be attended with economy, and productive of comfort. We can hardly over-estimate the importance of these facts to country gentlemen; for, if further experience shows them to be fairly stated, then it is clear that the timber on an estate will become seriously depreciated, and all valuations will have to be made upon an entirely new basis.

WE may rank with historical books the edition of *Kossuth's Speeches* which has just appeared under the auspices of Mr. Francis Newman. The speeches have been condensed and abridged for the sake of avoiding the great waste of space involved in that endless repetition necessary and proper in their delivery before successive audiences. That such condensations have been made with great judgment, and that the best points have been chosen for publication, are but necessary consequences of the fact that so able a man as Mr. Newman was their editor. The volume consists chiefly of speeches delivered in America, since it was there that M. Kossuth poured out and exhausted (we are not, it appears, to add in vain) all the resources of his eloquence. The book really deserves to be well read. Of the great powers of M. Kossuth as an orator, of his good cause, of his warm heart, and of his right to great personal respect, we never doubted, though we have seen reason to doubt gravely his powers as a statesman. With them no reader of this volume need concern himself. Here we may admire all that is great in Kossuth, and forget all that is deficient. — *Examiner*.

For the Examiner, Oct. 8.

THE MISMANAGEMENTS.

THE Eastern question is like an ill-played game of chess, in which a bad move on one side is answered by a worse on the other. The clever managers of the Conference had unwittingly given to the Czar all that he asked in the famous Vienna note, which was but another version of the Menschikoff ultimatum. Having drawn up this ingenious paper, their absorbing anxiety was to make sure of its acceptance by the party whose demands it satisfied in full without consulting the other, as the old saying has it, "reckoning without the host;" and in the untutored simplicity of their diplomatic hearts, infinite was their exultation at finding that the Czar would not refuse subscription to his own terms, nay, would have the grace to accede readily. Here was a happy solution indeed. Every ministerial quarter in London and Paris was full of the glad tidings that the Eastern question was settled. As the Magnifico joyfully cries when he tries the clumsy foot of Cinderella's sister in the glass slipper, "It's done! it's achieved! it's in—all but the heel," so did this exquisite little note fit the occasion, excepting only the part of the principal concerned—all but the heel. Turkey saw plainly enough that it gave up the whole matter in dispute, and objected accordingly; upon which she was roundly rated for being more nice than wise, for sticking for unsubstantial differences, and, above all, for ingratitude to the powers who had taken such excellent care of her interests and honor, and obtained terms so favorable to both.

But in the midst of this chiding and upbraiding of the Porte, out came the Russian interpretation of the disputed text, together with the rejection of the amended version, and then it appeared beyond all question or cavil that the Vienna wisecracks had given up all that they intended to refuse to Russia, and that the Sultan had with good reason objected to signing away the independence and integrity of his empire. If the Czar had contented himself simply with rejecting the modified note as a deviation from what was deemed just and fitting by the mediators, the displeasure of the whole world would have been directed against the Porte, which would have been represented as capriciously quarrelling with terms fair, safe, and honorable. But the players of the game at Vienna having on their side made a move egregiously unsound, the bouncer on the other retrieves the fault by one of still greater magnitude. The Emperor's interpretation of the note justified the Porte's refusal, and stultified the Vienna Conference. And such, even such, is the craft of diplomacy. Here were four representatives of as many mighty nations, who did not know what they were about, or how to express their intentions,

writing the exact opposite of their meaning; and here was a fifth party whose game they were unconsciously playing, who betrayed their blunder by his very rapacity and insolence, and thereby lost the advantage of which they would have possessed him! In this grand match of pigeons and crow, the crow be-pigeoned himself.

The example shows that the note of despotism should always be the *sic volo sic jubeo*, *sit pro ratione voluntas*. The arbitrary wrongful will should strictly eschew reasoning, which must always be antagonist to its cause. Had the Czar observed this policy of reserve, suited to abused power and a bad cause, how different would now be the posture of the Eastern question! But truly, says Coleridge, a rogue is a fool with a circumdendibus.

The Czar being now in a position of much disadvantage, and France and England being by the turn of things forced to assume a firmer attitude, a corresponding tendency to peace will doubtless appear on the part of Russia.

The big bully of the north is domineering and encroaching, or tractable and pacific, according to the truckling, or to the spirit of resistance with which he has to deal. If the right uses are made of the present posture of things, Russia will be manageable enough; but we confess our fears of the next move of the Conference, it being now the turn of the powers to commit the next blunder, outdoing that of the Czar.

The *Times* says that the Emperor is pacific, and proof of the sincerity of his assurances is happily easy, for he has only to withdraw his troops from the Principalities. He is now in act and deed at war with Turkey; and the declaration of war on the part of the aggrieved country, if it has been issued, is nothing more than a declaration of the state of things. It is but an acceptance of the situation of Russia's making. Another solution at Vienna is the danger, however, that we have to deprecate. The powers of blundering are represented with fearful reality in that Congress, signally falsifying the French proverbial saying of the wit of four, which Voltaire so complimentarily assigned to the Academy of forty.

The uncertainty of the last six months is a greater evil to the commercial interests of England and France than even war itself would be, and it is high time that it should cease; and the same firmness that may now bring it to a conclusion would in all human probability have been equally successful at any antecedent period of the negotiations, and would have saved Europe much anxiety and much detriment to many material interests. The solution lies in resolution. And we have to thank the Czar for putting himself so much in the wrong as to put the Allies in the right position in spite of their distrusts and timidities.

THE TIMES AND THE EXAMINER.

WE have no desire to remark on the course taken by the *Times* on the Eastern question. But the *Times*, whatever line it may choose for itself, has no right to attempt to drag us into the mire, either by direct assertion of its own, or less manly innuendo and insinuation from its "correspondents."

A person signing himself C. C. is permitted to fill more than a column of large print in Thursday's *Times* with rubbish and falsehood such as this—

It is remarkable that the principal journals which denounce negotiation and clamor for war, are those which have always been the professed admirers and advocates of Kossuth and Mazzini, and the friends and supporters of all the refugees, republicans, and rebels, in every part of the world. In a European war they see the prospect of a general conflagration, and of those elements of anarchy and revolution being once more let loose, the forcible compression of which they have never ceased to deplore. War presents the best hope and chance of overturning reigning dynasties and establishing red republics; and to arrive at such ends they are content to "wade through slaughter," and to "shut the gates of mercy on mankind." One of these journals (the *Examiner*) makes no secret of this object and expectation, when it talks of "the certainty, which no sane man has ever doubted, that war upon the Danube is synonymous with insurrection in Hungary."

To C. C. we have nothing to say, but to the *Times*, which adopts these statements, we say that they are false, and that their falsehood is not better known to any one than to the *Times* itself.

We never were among the "admirers and advocates" of Kossuth. We stood alone in the liberal press of this country against what seemed to us the indiscreet uses to which it was attempted to turn his popularity on his arrival in England. The *Times* ought to be thoroughly aware of this, for it remarked approvingly on the circumstance at the time, and it quoted our articles from week to week.

We have never "denounced negotiation" or "clamored for war." We have only persisted in exposing and denouncing, from the first, those blunders of negotiation which have brought us to the brink of war, and every one of which the *Times* has successively adopted and afterwards cast away.

The *Times* knew perfectly well, when it inserted C. C.'s falsehoods, that the "prospect of a general conflagration" has had no favor from us. It was precisely this special danger, which, in an article published on the 20th of August, 1853, and copied into the *Times* of the 23d August, we suggested as some allowance and excuse for hesitation even in the boldest statesmen at such a crisis as the present.

Of course the *Times* is not such a fool as its correspondent, and we have no need to tell that journal that the Hungarians were neither socialists nor red republicans. Let us add that we are proud always to recall our persevering advocacy of the rights of the Hungarian nation, and to feel that our support was invariably offered in the interests of order and civilization, never in those of anarchy or revolution. It was because that gallant people, among all the populations of the Austrian empire, alone offered any perfect security for orderly constitutional government, that we steadily advocated their cause. It was when Austria, in exchange for the means of overpowering by force the liberties of her own subjects, submitted to become a Russian vassal, that we ceased to regard that empire in any other light than as an advanced outpost of absolutism against the liberties and progress of the west. It was when the western powers looked on calmly at the greatest crime committed since the destruction of Poland, that we ventured to question whether, even as a mere calculation of profit and loss, the balance might not have been in favor of maintaining the dignity of England in such a matter, even at the risk of a depression of some eighths *per cent.* in the funds.

The duty in our judgment committed by Providence to those on whom power and strength are devolved, is that of watching over, advocating, and enforcing the rights of the weak; nor have we ever known this sacred duty omitted without shame, or performed without advantage and honor.

From the Economist.

RUSSIAN DESIGNS EXPLAINED BY
RUSSIA.

DURING the last abortive attempt of the Poles for the recovery of their independence, they obtained possession of Warsaw and held it for some time. Among the archives they discovered a number of important and secret dispatches from the Russian Court to its various diplomatic agents, and several other papers of great interest and value. Some of these have just been made public by Prince Adam Czartoryski, whose name is a sufficient guarantee of their authenticity. Among them is the original memorial addressed by the order of the Emperor Nicholas to his brother Constantine, explaining to him the relative position of Russia and Turkey after the treaty of Adrianople, and the confidential designs and motions of the former. It bears the signature of Nesselrode, and the date of February 12th, 1830. We give a few brief but most instructive extracts:—

The war which has just terminated so successfully, notwithstanding the active hostility of Austria and the secret opposition of Great Britain,

leaves Russia in a position too elevated and too imposing to need any detailed development. On the one side, the general voice of Europe has done justice to the moderation of the Emperor; on the other, the conditions of the treaty of Adrianople have nevertheless consolidated the preponderance of Russia in the Levant, extended (renforcé) her frontiers, set free her commerce, secured her interest, and guaranteed her rights.

. It rested with us alone to have marched our armies on Constantinople and overthrown the Turkish Empire. No power would have opposed us; no immediate danger would have threatened us if we had then struck the last blow at the Ottoman dominion in Europe. But, in the opinion of the Emperor, that monarchy, reduced to exist only under the protection of Russia, and listen only to her desires, suited better our political and commercial interests than any fresh arrangement which would have obliged us either to extend our territory by new conquests, or to substitute for the Ottoman Empire independent States, which would ere long have become our rivals in power, in civilization, in industry, and wealth. It is on this principle that His Imperial Majesty now conducts our relations with the Divan. Since we have not chosen to destroy the Turkish government, we now seek to maintain it in its actual position. Since this government can only be useful to us by its deference and submission towards us, we shall exact from it the faithful observation of its engagements, and the prompt realization of ALL OUR DESIRES.

The occupation of the Principalities of Moldavia and Wallachia for ten consecutive years, was originally intended to be demanded as guarantee for the payment of the indemnities (for the cost of the war). But the Emperor was of opinion that this occupation would expose us to several inconveniences and to great expense, and that it would be tantamount to taking actual possession of these provinces—the conquest of which has always appeared to him the less important, since, without maintaining troops there, we can dispose of them according to our pleasure, whether in time of peace or in time of war. It would also have been a deviation from our declarations, and have drawn upon us the just remonstrances of the other powers of Europe, had we thus virtually annexed the Principalities to the southern provinces of our empire. These considerations, and the appeal which the Convention of the 14th September authorizes the Sultan to make to the generosity of His Imperial Majesty, enable us to stipulate for other securities for the payment of the debt due to us. These securities will not overload the Ottoman Empire with a burden the weight of which would cause its fall; but they will be such as to leave in our hands the keys of a position from which it will be easy to us to keep it in check, and will saddle it with a debt which will make it feel for long years its true situation in respect to Russia, and its certain ruin, if it ever again attempt to brave us.

If any man, after reading these despatches, and the more recent ones from the same pen which are still fresh in our memory, and after looking at the map, and casting even the most

summary glance over the last fifty years of Russian history, can doubt whither tend the consistent designs and the steady march of that empire—we do not envy him his logic. If, seeing and admitting these designs, he feels disposed to stand aside and let them have their way, we do not envy him either his spirit or his sense of justice. And if any one desires to know how invariably, and on system, “the protection of their brethren in the faith” has been made the pretext for Russian encroachments on the liberties of neighboring States, we recommend him to read the “Declaration” of Catharine II. to the Diet of Poland (20th April, 1766) on behalf of the Greeks in that Catholic Kingdom—and the Report of the Diet on the seditious movements which Russia had excited there in 1789. And, finally, if any one wants further information as to the treatment which Roman Catholic dissenters meet with from the Greek Church—from that same tolerant Emperor who now interferes to protect his co-religionists from the intolerance of the Mussulman—he may hear of something to his advantage by perusing (in the same valuable “Recueil des Documents”) the “Allocution” of Pope Gregory in the Secret Conclave, 22 July, 1842, and the Petition of the “Not-united Greeks” (i. e., the Greek Christians who acknowledge by ancient treaty the Papal authority) of the province of Uszacs, in 1835, remonstrating against the cruelties to which, as Dissenters, they were subjected. He will find enough to convince him that Christians of any non-conforming denomination are far safer in life, limb, liberty, and property, under the Infidel Sultan than under either Christian Czar, Emperor, or Grand Duke.

From the Examiner, 8th Oct.

A VOICE FROM ST. HELENA ON THE EASTERN QUESTION.

OUR attention has been drawn to some remarkable passages from conversations reported to have been held by Napoleon with Mr. Barry O'Meara thirty-six years ago, and published by that person in his book on the captivity at St. Helena. We do not need to make any comment upon them. What we have been writing on this question from week to week for the last six months amounts to little more than an enlarged commentary on these extraordinary expressions of the ex-Emperor of France, which (bating some exaggerations natural to the speaker and the time) contain the exact rationale of the Eastern question as it stands at this moment.

The conversations took place in May, 1817. On the 22nd of May, says O'Meara, after leaving the bath, Napoleon spoke about Russia, and said that the European nations would yet find that he (Napoleon) had adopted

the best possible policy, at the time when he intended to reestablish the kingdom of Poland. This, he observed, would have been the only effectual means of stopping the increasing power of Russia. It was putting a barrier, a dyke, to that formidable empire, which it was likely would yet overwhelm Europe. "I do not think," he added, "that I shall live to see it, but you may. You are in the flower of your age, and may expect to live thirty-five years longer. I think that you will see that the Russians will either invade and take India, or enter Europe with four hundred thousand Cossacks and other inhabitants of the desert, and two hundred thousand Russians. When Paul was so violent against you, he sent me for a plan to invade India. I sent him one with instructions in detail."

The conversation was resumed on the same day. "If," pursued Napoleon, "Alexander succeeds in incorporating Poland with Russia—that is to say, in perfectly reconciling the Poles to the Russian government, and not merely subduing the country—he has gained the greatest step towards subduing India. My opinion is that he will attempt either the one or the other of the projects I have mentioned, and I think the last to be the most probable." Hereupon Mr. O'Meara observed that the distance was great, and that the Russians had not the money necessary for such a grand undertaking. "The distance is nothing," returned Napoleon. "Supplies can be easily carried upon camels, and the Cossacks will always insure a sufficiency of them. Money they will find when they arrive there. The hope of conquest would immediately unite armies of Cossacks and Calmucks without expense."

On a subsequent day, the 27th of the same month, Napoleon again started the subject, and made use of the singular and most impressive statements which follow. They appear to us to approach as near to the truth and warnings of prophecy, as any political speculation we have ever known.

"In the course of a few years," said Napoleon on this latter occasion, "Russia will have Constantinople, the greatest part of Turkey, and all Greece. This I hold to be as certain as if it had already taken place. Almost all the cajoling and flattery which Alexander practised towards me, was to gain my consent to effect this object. *I would not consent, foreseeing that the equilibrium of Europe would be destroyed.* In the natural course of things in a few years Turkey must fall to Russia. The greatest part of her population are Greeks, who, you may say, are Russians. *The powers it would injure, and who could oppose it, are England, France, Prussia, and Austria.* Now, as to Austria, it will be very easy for Russia to engage her assistance, by giving her Serbia and other provinces border-

ing upon the Austrian dominions reaching near to Constantinople. THE ONLY HYPOTHESIS ON WHICH FRANCE AND ENGLAND MAY EVER BE ALLIED WITH SINCERITY WILL BE IN ORDER TO PREVENT THIS. But even this alliance would not avail. France, England, and Prussia, united, cannot prevent this. Russia and Austria can at any time effect it. Once mistress of Constantinople, Russia gets all the commerce of the Mediterranean, becomes a great naval power, and God knows what may happen," &c.

The thirty-five years which Napoleon put as the limit to test his prophecy expired in 1852; in 1853 the question is that which agitates Europe from end to end; and the nephew of Napoleon is on the throne of France. It is possible that if the exiled emperor could have foreseen the resuscitation of his dynasty, he might have taken a more sanguine view of the possible results of that alliance with England which he thus so remarkably predicted. At any rate here he speaks unmistakably to us on the question so vital to the interests of Europe, and from his grave he dictates the policy which his nephew and successor can alone pursue with respect for his authority and name.

THE RUSSIAN STATEMENT OF THE EASTERN QUESTION.

SHORES OF THE WARAGUE SEA. — The vital question with every great nation of the large continents is the possession of the embouchures of its rivers. A people which occupies lands in the interior of a continent is irresistibly pushed towards the shores of the ocean. If the Oriental question be viewed from this point, the so-called aggrandizements charged upon the English and French, and especially the Russians, appear to be but the naturally-ordained growing of an individual towards manful maturity. This natural development of nations however, proceeds along the course of rivers, and finds its term at their embouchures in the sea. Beyond this, a desire for aggrandizement is concupiscence, and produces plethora and obesity, all signs of an altering and tottering organism. Thus it was, for many centuries, one of the vital questions with the Germans to displace successively, or by the sudden force of arms, their Slavian neighbors from their primeval seats, for the sake of reaching, north and south, the shores of the ocean. May we never forget that the original name of Leipzic is Lipowiza, the town of lime-trees; that Potsdam means Pod dubami, under the oak; Stargard, Stary garad, the old town; Pomerania, the dwellings of the Pormorzani, the sea-dwellers, &c. Hence, therefore, Germany has solved the vital question of nations at the expense of the Slaves. And the same Germany utters now a cry of

indignation, that Russia is doing the same with those barbarian marauders who are encamped, as it were, at the mouths of Russian waters of communication.

For centuries past, viz., ever since the Russian government has acquired a consciousness of its great vocation, it has either combated or negotiated for extension—1st. Towards the East, with China, on account of the embouchures of the Amour. 2nd. Westerly, with the Schwertritter, Swedes and Poles, for the mouths of the Düna, Narowa and Neva. 3d. Southerly, with the Tartars, Turks, Tchentisses, the Chivaens, and other Asiatic predatory hordes, on account of the southern embouchures of Russian rivers. 4th. It was only the mouth of the Dwina, and thus the command of the Ice Sea, which was obtained, as it were, naturally, by the discovery of the passage round the North Cape. But the seas which Russia thus obtained are not properly the high ocean, but, mostly, mediterraneans. In the north, winter, during eight lengthy months, a troublesome jailer, obstructs every communication; in the west the Scandinavians guard the Sund, the gates of the Baltic; in the south the Turk keeps the Hellesund (as the Normans call the Hellespont), the door of the Black Sea. Only the Amour, the artery of Asiatic Russia, leads to an open sea; but its mouth was formerly relinquished, by negligence, to the Chinese, and must, for the benefit of both parties (!), be again taken away from them.

Against our northern rival, the winter, both arms and diplomacy are of no avail. But the other gates are guarded by men, and these do not understand either their geographical or political position, if they intend to behave unfriendly towards Russia. Because the gatekeeper must, for his own interest, stand well with the landlord, else both will fare ill. The Turks, however, do not seem to understand this; and, blinded by a noble pride and the recollection of the deeds of their forefathers, they mistake their present position, which is now merely one of toleration, after all, lacking vitality.

Russia must grow until it has reached its nature-ordained size and magnitude. This growth is not merely arbitrary, but deeply resting upon an innermost propelling nature-force. Russia must possess the keys of her house, whether the gatekeepers be called kings, sultans, sons of the sun, or cousins of the moon. In short, they have to be general governors, adherents of the Russian empire: it is their own interest which demands it.

The growth of Russia does not go landward, but seaward. Russia has other things to do than to quarrel with its old schoolmaster, the civilization of Germany. Russia, in common with every intelligent people, wishes for free

sea and land routes, and for a neighborly understanding with the Continent, especially with Germany.—*Allgemeine Zeitung*.

From the Press, Oct. 15.

THE Emperor of Russia is the inheritor of a great imperial scheme, which, for upwards of a century, has been in a state of successful, and, latterly, of rapid, development. As his reign has been long, as his abilities are considerable, and as he is a man of strong character, he has enjoyed ample opportunities of advancing his object. We are not prepared to say that the means of which he has availed himself are more unjustifiable than those which usually realize the purposes of imperial ambition. We are not anxious to maintain that the invasion of the Danubian principalities is a more heinous act than the invasion of Afghanistan by the Queen of Great Britain, or the appropriation of Algiers by the King of France. We will not consider the last Russian aggression as a matter of law or justice; we will consider it only as a matter of policy.

For a great inland race to reach by conquest, in this age of civilization and political equilibrium, the shores of two oceans is itself a phenomenon, more alarming if possible from its prospects even than from its results. The same instinct that has brought the Muscovites to the gulf of Bothnia and the Crimea, to the Baltic and the Black Sea, will never endure that their colossal empire shall be restrained by a *MARE CLAUSUM*. The Sound and the Dardanelles are in the imperial scheme as necessary to Russia as Guienne and Normandy were to France, or Scotland and Ireland to England. Every statesman is convinced that, possessing these two positions, the universal dominion of Russia would, with time, be practicable; and every one knows that these two sovereign positions are now held by two weak powers. That is the "Russian Question." It is not a mere question whether Russia should attack our Indian territories; it is a question not merely of the conquest of India, but of Italy, of Germany, of Europe; of the substitution of new laws, new customs, new creeds, and new principles of action, throughout the most civilized portions of the globe; of the supremacy of a new race, and the predominance of a new religion.

The decisive part which Russia took in the fall of Napoleon gave her a natural and an irresistible ascendancy in the Congress of Vienna, and the imperial scheme was then proportionately advanced, notwithstanding the prescient but fruitless efforts of Lord Castlereagh. From that period it was the effort both of British and Austrian statesmen to arrest its further development, and it should have been of the French; but Russia neutral-

ized the hostility by practising on the ambition of the elder Bourbons, and on the death of Mr. Canning commenced a series of harassing movements, which then, as in the present instance, forced Turkey into a declaration of war. The struggle ended in the treaty of Adrianople; and the English minister who permitted, and in great manner occasioned, that disastrous settlement was Lord Aberdeen. The secret despatches of the Court of St. Petersburg which were obtained from the portfolio of the Grand Duke Constantine at the sack of Warsaw in 1830, attest forever the indecision, the want of energy and resource, the servile deference to Russia, of the present Prime Minister of England.

From the Examiner, Oct. 8.

THE KOSSTA AFFAIR.

AMONG the telegraphic despatches of yesterday morning (Friday) is one from Smyrna, announcing that the Hungarian Kossta left on the 23d ult. for the United States, with the consent of the Austrian government. Another telegraphic despatch, bringing the latest news from the United States, tells us that the ministers of England and France are said to have declared verbally to the government at Washington, that Capt. Ingraham's conduct, and the American doctrine of partial citizenship absolving from previous allegiance, can never be sustained by international law. And from a third we learn that by an immense and enthusiastic public meeting in New York, after a demonstration of a most "tremendous and effective" character, a gold medal has been voted to Capt. Ingraham for his conduct in Smyrna harbor.

Leaving it to the reader's decision which of these facts or rumors he will attach most weight to, let us not omit another rumor which has also reached us — to wit, that Russia has already committed herself to help Austria through the affair, and support the kidnapping pretensions of her respectable vassal and ally. This of course was no more than was likely; but it is hoped that the Americans may be a little dashed by the promptitude of the declaration from the Czar, since it risks a rupture so immediate between them and an empire with which they drive a very large and thriving trade, and which they have always endeavored to conciliate.

Who believes that Jonathan will take alarm at any such thing! Unblessed as that poor benighted country is with the inestimable advantages of Vienna Conferences, who does not know enough of her government and of her public opinion to be convinced that the latter will not, and the former dares not, make any

disgraceful compromise on the Kossta question?

We only remark upon the gossip at this moment, indeed, because the question involved in the Kossta affair is one which characteristically displays those very pretensions by putting forward which Russia now finds herself in antagonism with England and France. The pretensions of Austria in the matter seem to be that the Turkish government counts for nothing against stronger governments, and ceases, even in the dominions of Turkey, to possess jurisdiction over Austrian subjects. This is insolent enough; but Russia goes further. Russia claims the right to exercise jurisdiction, not only over Russian subjects, but over worshippers of the Russo-Greek religion, all of whom, be they Turkish subjects or be they not, it impudently chooses to assimilate to Russian subjects. The Conference of Vienna sought with egregious silliness to render such claims innocuous by confining them to spiritual concerns. It never occurred to those diplomatic sages that in the view and for the purposes held by the "God of the Russians," everything is spiritual. To deprive a man of his liberty because he is a Christian, or to restore him to freedom because he is such — to levy a tax in the name of the Patriarch, or with the Patriarch's authority to resist the payment of a tax — these are all matters spiritual to the godlike Czar!

Whether, then, it be a Hungarian exile or a Turko-Christian, the question plainly at issue is what is to be the future jurisdiction of foreign powers in Turkey? When Kossuth and his companions reached the right bank of the Danube they were under the protection of the Porte, and it was as little lawful for an Austrian government to send its kidnappers, as to have sent a regiment into the Turkish territory to capture them. It was indeed plainly confessed, by the entire of the negotiations of Austria and Russia at Constantinople at that very period, that their governments did not up to that date dare to claim the right of seizing Kossuth or any other Hungarian upon Turkish territory. Yet it is now claimed in the case of Kossta, not merely because he is an individual of less importance, or because the port of Smyrna offers facilities for kidnapping, but because it was too confidently believed that the Menschikoffs and Nesselrodes had quietly and effectually settled any probability of resistance at Constantinople.

Even diplomatists, however, not entirely in the interest of Russia or her dependent Austria, are beginning to see what is really involved in this question, and that the concession of what is claimed would be the absolute subjection of Turkey.

From the Press.

THE CABINET COUNCIL.

(COMMUNIQUE BY OUR OWN TURNING TABLE.)

[As the curtain rises, the Ministers are variously occupied. Lord John Russell, who holds none of the offices, is searching those of Cicero for a quotation to tag to his new Reform Bill Speech. Mr. Gladstone, in deep thought, is instinctively drawing figures, and putting "numb" to each. Sir James Graham is smilingly penning a bitter inscription in a Landley Murray which he is going to send to Mr. Bernal Osborne. The Duke of Argyll is trying all the chairs in turn, and thinking how well he could fill every one. The Chancellor is waiting until somebody shall take notice of him. Lord Clarendon is smoking a cigar. Lord Palmerston is reading Miss Martineau's novel "The Hour and the Man." Lord Aberdeen is making a "cat's cradle" with a piece of string. The others are looking over newspapers.]

Lord Granville. — My gentlemen and lords. (A laugh from Sir C. Wood, who usually laughs). Thank you, Wood; you are a good audience, and deserve a better one yourself than you generally get. (Sir C. Wood will not laugh this time.) Now, shall we proceed to the consideration of this Eastern question?

Lord Palmerston (quietly). — Well, perhaps it is almost time.

Lord Clarendon. — You all know the state of things from the papers, and I have no more information in my office than they have; indeed, not quite so much. So, now, what is to be done?

Lord Aberdeen. — My lords, gin ye'll hearken; I dinna ken that rightly, but ma fancy is that I've just hit upon a plan—

All (impatiently). — Don't, Aberdeen, please! There's a time for all things. Don't interrupt business.

Lord Clarendon. — As Foreign Secretary I presume I am expected to propose some course. I continue to be of opinion that a communication should at once be framed for transmission to Vienna, by virtue of which negotiations would assume a specific aspect, which would in due course tend to their adopting a certain direction, and this, followed, as it would undoubtedly be, by their presenting a determinate and recognizable basis, would ultimately eventuate into relations of a temporarily, if not permanently, desirable character. That is my frank and simple opinion.

Sir J. Graham (gently). — And, if I might inquire, with all deference, what do you propose, Clarendon, to say in that communication?

Lord Clarendon (hastily). — Say — oh! Of course. Say — why — there is — I mean — that is — why, I suppose that is what a Cabinet Council meets to determine. I merely submit the diplomatic initiative.

Mr. Gladstone (admiringly). — The diplomatic initiative! A remarkably good phrase, that. Don't be surprised if you hear that again.

Lord Palmerston. — I shan't. It means—

Mr. Gladstone. — Ah! Don't spoil a good thing. It may have three meanings.

Lord Palmerston (aside to him). — No: I'm blest if it may, if Clarendon said it, or one either. It belongs to the true no meanings that puzzle more than wit.

Mr. Gladstone. — Do not be severe. Where is all the "amiability" of your *templa quam dilecta*? Never be sarcastic. You never hear me sarcastic, at least when I can help myself in any other way.

The Duke of Argyll (rising). — I am really surprised that any difficulty can be felt upon the subject. Logically and practically, it is as clear as the day; and hesitation implies a shallowness which I regret to impute but am unable to ignore. The Russians must be got out of Turkey. (Sits down.)

Lord Palmerston. — Egad! we've all been saying that ever since they got in.

Lord Aberdeen. — Noo, gin ye'd hearken, I'm just hit upon a plan—

All. — Don't Aberdeen, please!

Lord Granville. — Cranworth, you have never once proposed anything for the settlement of this Eastern question. That is not fair. Everybody should put his shoulder to the wheel. Come, do something for us.

Lord Cranworth (quite pleased at being noticed). — Really, I don't know. You see, if Russia were amenable to my — to the Court of Chancery — I might have granted a *ne exeat regno* against the Russian army; but you see it is too late for that, because they are already out of the kingdom and into Turkey. So I don't see how I can interfere. An injunction to restrain them from committing waste and cutting down Turks might be of some avail.

Lord Palmerston. — Yes; if it were served properly, that is, with well-served cannon. Very good, indeed, my dear Chancellor! The best thing I have heard yet.

Lord Cranworth (blushing). — You flatter me.

Lord Palmerston. — I never flatter anybody — except poor dear dully-deadly Dudley Stuart. (Earnestly.) I say, I can't think what this Council was called for. What in the world have we left to talk about? You have floundered — no, Clarendon, I won't say we, for I had nothing on Heaven's earth to do with it — you have floundered into the most infernal mess that ever was heard of. Talking won't do now, my good fellows, and if you can't see that I am devilish sorry for you

Lord John Russell. — I beg to state most distinctly that I see it.

Lord Palmerston. — You! Of course you do, and so does Gladstone, and so does Graham, who never sees anything until it is quite convenient to him. Well, then, what have we to talk about? If we are to stand for five minutes after Parliament meets, not five minutes ought to be lost now.

Lord Aberdeen. — Just so: and gin ye'll hearken noo —

All (*angrily*). — Aberdeen, do hold your tongue!

Lord Palmerston. — I am not Premier, I am not Foreign Secretary. I am nobody, of course. But I know what the people want, and what they'll have — if not from you, from your successors. Order up every ship into the Black Sea, and let them begin battering and blazing, and let Europe see that you are in earnest. Austria must then declare herself. She will declare for Russia; and the very next hour ought to see Kossuth and Mazzini dashing at his two flanks, and Clarendon hurraing them on. Then up with the Poles!

Lord John Russell. — Palmerston! Palmerston! (*Sensation.*)

Lord Palmerston (*excited*). — O, it's all very well; but your blundering and floundering has got us into a war, and, by Jupiter! you must fight it through as you can. No time to be nice about your tools now — Red Indians or Red Republicans — it's all one; and thank Providence for every extra inch of steel you can get drawn on your side. It's a horrible mess, but Aberdeen has done it for you; and, if every map of Europe becomes waste paper in a year, Europe knows whom to thank.

Lord Aberdeen. — But gin ye'll listen noo, I've just hit upon a plan —

All (*outrageously*). — Ah! Bah!

[*The Council breaks up as the curtain falls.*]

PLAINTIVE APPEAL OF ABDUL MEDJID TO ADMIRAL DUNDAS.

Take, O, take those ships away,
Since their owners are forsworn,
And those tars, whose loud hooray
Echoes round the Golden Horn!
But my Princedoms give again,
Lost through your Athenian Thane.

Hide, O, hide those frowning rows,
Guns whose lips are dumb for us;
Hide, I say, those warlike shows,
Since you will not hide the Rues!
Yet my Princedoms get again,
Lost through your Athenian Thane.

MOTTO FOR THE PREMIER.

"Bear and — for Bear."

AN ENEMY TO PROGRESS. — The Grand Duke of Tuscany has lately expressed, through Miss Cunningham, that he is strongly opposed to "The Pilgrim's Progress."

THE SPANISH TROUBADOUR.

Gayly Lord Clarendon puffed his cigar,
Lightly pooh poohing the prospect of war;

Singing "As Palmerston's 'pupil' I come.
Lor! in diplomacy ain't I at home?"

Palmerston's eye on his "pupil" was kept,
Eye of a weazel that sparingly slept;
Singing, "I know who must very soon come
Into the 'Foreign' and out of the 'Home.'"

MUST HAVE BEEN SAID BEFORE.

Our Caledonian Premier willed it.

We've *Scotched* the Russian snake, not killed it.

A CABINET-MAKER'S IDEA.

LORD ABERDEEN'S definition of an Ottoman is sweetly appropriate. He says it is a thing over which a pretty piece of work is made, and then we can sit down comfortably.

THE FOUR GREAT POWERS.

The Bear growls,
The Eagle soars,
The Cock crows,
The Lion — snores!

PRINCE ALBERT, THE CZAR, AND THE TURK. —

"For Heaven's sake, gentlemen, don't nail the poor man's ears to the pump!"

Such was the benevolent exclamation of Tyger Roche (an Irish fire-eater of the last century) when he beheld a certain attorney within the walls of Dublin Jail. And the prayer was sufficient; for no sooner was it uttered, than the hapless lawyer was in the clutches of invoked persecutors, and hammer and nails hotly sought for.

Our friend the *Spectator*, oddly enough, is, for once, very like Tyger Roche. He says: —

It is evident that a serious disturbance in Europe might be very inconvenient to the minor German powers; and that fact has *perhaps* suggested the *rough guess*, that a prince, bound up with German interest by family relations, has used his position near the British sovereign for the purpose of inducing England to assist in hushing up the quarrel, with scanty regard to the justice of the case; in short, that Prince Albert has induced England to abandon her pledge and her ally!

The *Spectator*, having made "the rough guess," reasons on it in his own logical way, and concludes with these convincing words: —

We do not believe that Prince Albert has so far forgotten his happy and exalted duty, of which he has shown so just an appreciation, by officious meddling with affairs which are not his.

That the *Spectator*, the Esquimaux of the press — for somehow he always appears to *Punch* in a suit of sealskin, with a very blue nose, prepared, if necessary, to harpoon the whale that shall supply his midnight oil — that the cold *Spectator* should suggest such a charge against Prince Albert merely to express a disbelief is, at least, a very unnecessary trouble.

"Don't nail the poor man's ears to the pump!" cries Tyger Roche.

"Don't believe Prince Albert an ally of Nicholas!" cries the *Spectator*. — *Punch*.

THE ENGLISH CLIMATE.—The English climate, and especially the London fogs, have a powerful influence on the moral faculties of the natives, and even strangers cannot escape that influence. Nothing can better explain the two leading features of the English character—their silent sadness and energy. Under their skies you feel that by degrees you lose the two faculties that are dearest to man—the faculty of thinking and the faculty of enjoying. All the springs of intelligence are relaxed: you are serious without reflection; you are gradually drawn into and tossed about in an ocean of horror and slow despair; the mind becomes unmindful of itself, and you feel it vanish and dissolve into thin air; you are thoughtful without thinking; you dream yourself into a void; from the depths of your mind ascend vapors which have no shape—desires void of coloring—murmurs which have no meaning, like the silent voices of night—the voices of stillness, caused by the absence of movement and light; in fine, you welter in nothing. At this juncture, you are saved by a manly and energetic reaction: the mind becomes alive to the dangers of its situation, and protests against them; it goes, so to say, out of itself, and sallies forth in search of the outer world, which it handles and analyzes to make quite sure of its existence. After which, it takes greedily hold of that outer world, and from the profoundest repose and the most hopeless apathy, the mind leaps at once into the crudest reality. An almost frenzied activity is alone capable of reacting against the sullen torpor which is created by this climate. Hence the practical, matter-of-fact turn of the English. Under their sky, a man must either work, or die, or emigrate, if poor; or travel, if rich. — *Paris Moniteur*.

NEW BOOKS.

A Church Dictionary. By Walter Farquhar Hook, D. D., Vicar of Leeds. Sixth Edition. Revised and adapted to the Protestant Episcopal Church in the United States of America. By a Presbyter of said Church: E. H. Butler & Co., Philadelphia. [This handsome octavo will be found very useful, as a book of reference, by persons whose opinions differ ever so much from those of Dr. Hook. The subjects are alphabetically arranged, as in an Encyclopedia.]

God with Men; or, Footprints of Providential Leaders. By Samuel Osgood. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. — 1. Abraham and the Empire of Faith. 2. Moses and the Law. 3. Aaron and the Priesthood. 4. Saul and the Throne. 5. David and the Psalms. 6. Solomon and the Hebrew Wisdom. 7. Isaiah and the Prophets. 8. John the Baptist and the Precursors of the Messiah. 9. The Messiah in his Preparation and Plan. 10. In his Ministry. 11. Peter and the Keys. 12. Paul and Gospel Liberty. 13. John and the Word. 14. The Disciples and the Unseen Witness. 15. Theologians and the World to Come.

Lectures to Young Women. By William G.

Eliot, jr., Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Lewis. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. — Home; Duties; Education; Follies; Woman's Mission.

Lectures to Young Men. By William G. Eliot, jr., Pastor of the Church of the Messiah, St. Lewis. Crosby, Nichols & Co., Boston. — Self-Education; Leisure Time; Transgression; The Ways of Wisdom; Religion.

Why I am a Temperance Man; with Tales and Sketches from Real Life. By Thurlow W. Brown. Derby & Miller, Auburn, N. Y. With a number of Engravings.

Light on the Dark River; or, Memorials of Mrs. Henrietta A. L. Hamlin, Missionary in Turkey. By Margaretta Woods Lawrence. Ticknor, Reed & Fields, Boston. With a Portrait.

Polyhymnia; a Collection of Original Hymn Tunes, Anthems, Chants, &c. Also, a New Method in the Art of Singing. Composed by Charles F. Heuberger. B. B. Mussey & Co., Boston.

Discussions on Philosophy and Literature. Chiefly from the Edinburgh Review. By Sir William Hamilton, Bart. Harper & Brothers, N. York. Here are sixteen elaborate articles from the Reviews — with appendices Philosophical, Logical, Educational. The author is Professor of Logic and Metaphysics in the University of Edinburgh.

On Civil Liberty and Self-Government. By Francis Lieber, LL. D. Lippincott, Grambo & Co., Philadelphia. Two handsome duodecimo volumes, containing discussions of important political and philosophical subjects.

The Conflict of Ages; or, The Great Debate on the Moral Relations of God and Man. By Edward Beecher, D. D. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. [This work is likely to attract much attention. We see notices of it occasionally, but hope to find some which we can reprint for the information of our readers.]

A Memoir of the Life and Labors of the Rev. Adoniram Judson, D. D. By Francis Wayland, President of Brown University. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston. In two Volumes. [Dr. Judson's Life and Labors have so long been familiar to the Christian Church, that no doubt many thousands of this memoir will be established in our libraries.]

Hearts and Faces; or, Home Life Unveiled. Phillips, Sampson & Co., Boston.

Minnie Brown, or the Gentle Girl. By Frank Forrester. Geo. C. Rand, Boston. Another volume of Uncle Toby's Library.

Ellen Montgomery's Bookcase. This is the general title, under which it seems that "the Authors of The Wide, Wide World; Queechy; Dollars and Cents, &c., &c." — are about to issue a series of small volumes. This, the first, is entitled Mr. Rutherford's Children, and is published by G. P. Putnam & Co., New York.

Western Characters; or, Types of Border Life in the Western States. By J. L. McConnell. With Illustrations by Darley. Redfield, New York. — The Indian; Voyageur; Pioneer; Ranger; Regulator; Justice of the Peace; Pedler; Schoolmaster; Schoolmistress; Politician.